ONE DAY

BENJAMIN has garnered the enthusiasm of his fans while pushing his conception of Manhua's to the extreme.

This gifted young artist has affirmed himself, in only a few years, as an expert in digital drawing. Very sensitive and worried for the future of his generation, he paints portraits screaming with emotion, their face reflecting the growing uneasiness of modern day's youth.

Already published in many countries, he has become a premier artist of the Manhua scene in China... and soon in Europe.

ONE DAY

Benjamin

XIAO PAN

ISBN 978-2-940380-26-8 12€50

9 782940 380268

www.XIAOPAN.com

Author of "Remember" and "Orange"

This was just promotion for his other books and deemed unnecessary for translation. So what we're going to do instead is pimp Big Ben's stuff out even more:

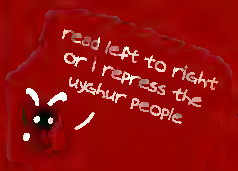
- Chronicles of Beijing
- Flash
- Io: Art of the Wired
- Seven Swords: Prelude
- Art Sold on Nucleus
- Other Art We Don't Know About

Buy or DIE.

~ prettyprophet

Website:

[illegible]ina.com.cn/[illegible]



ONE DAY

一天

BENJAMIN

GGpX:
Same as the right side of the *One Doy* Cover. It's an ad for his other mangas, and I really doubt Benjamin wrote any of that text.

prettyprophet:
There was something about Victor Hugo. I know Lavie Rhap loves *Les Misérables* so I'll shove this in:

"The children set out, the elder leading the younger, and holding in his hand the paper which was to guide them. It was cold, and his benumbed little fingers could not close very firmly, and they did not keep a very good hold on the paper. At the corner of the Rue Clocheperce, a gust of wind tore it from him, and as night was falling, the child was not able to find it again.

They began to wander aimlessly through the streets."

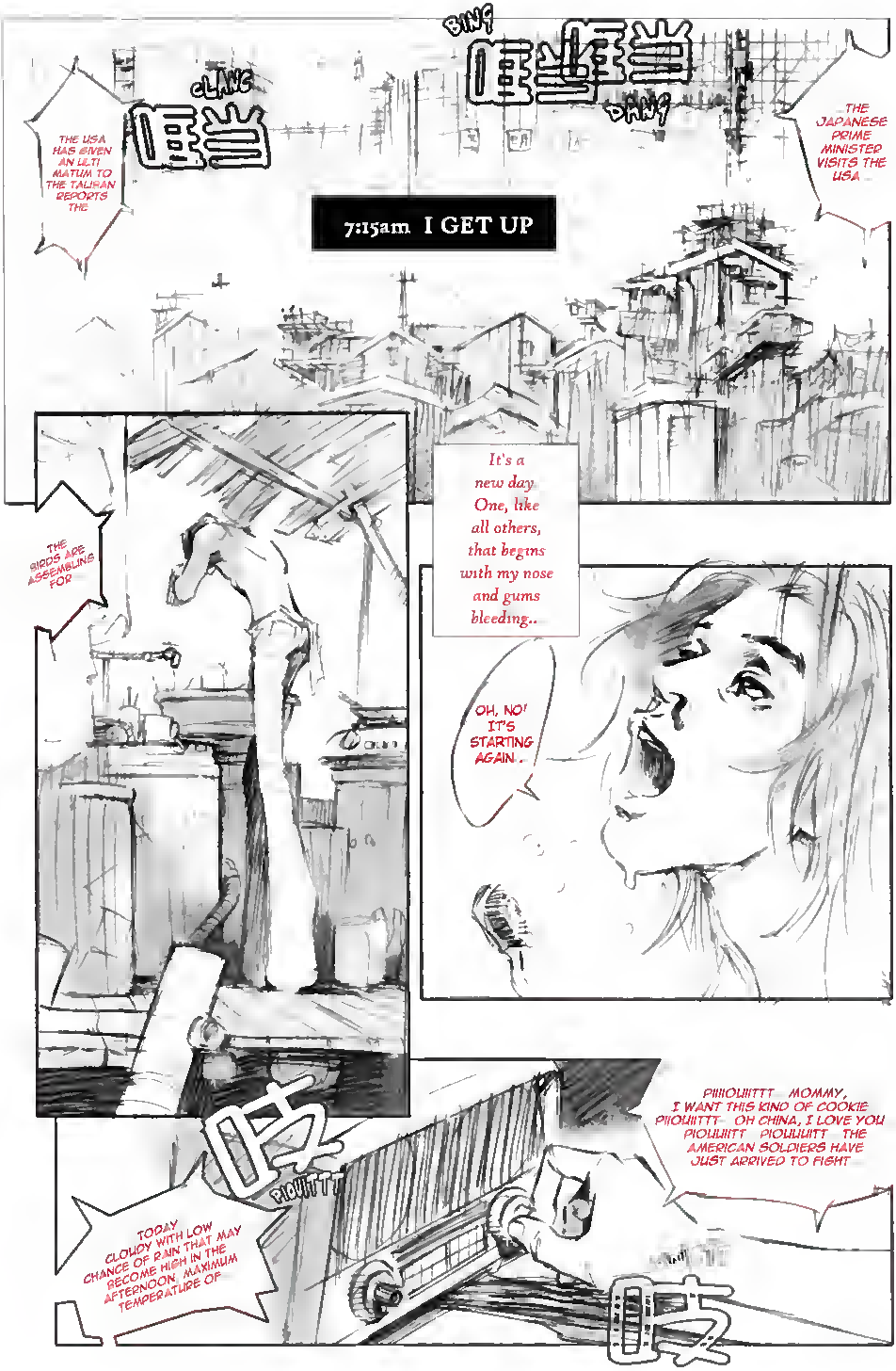
Also, some text has color. That's how Xiao Pan did it, maybe the original manhua did it, I don't know. Fuck, that's how WE'LL do it. Lucky red, yo.

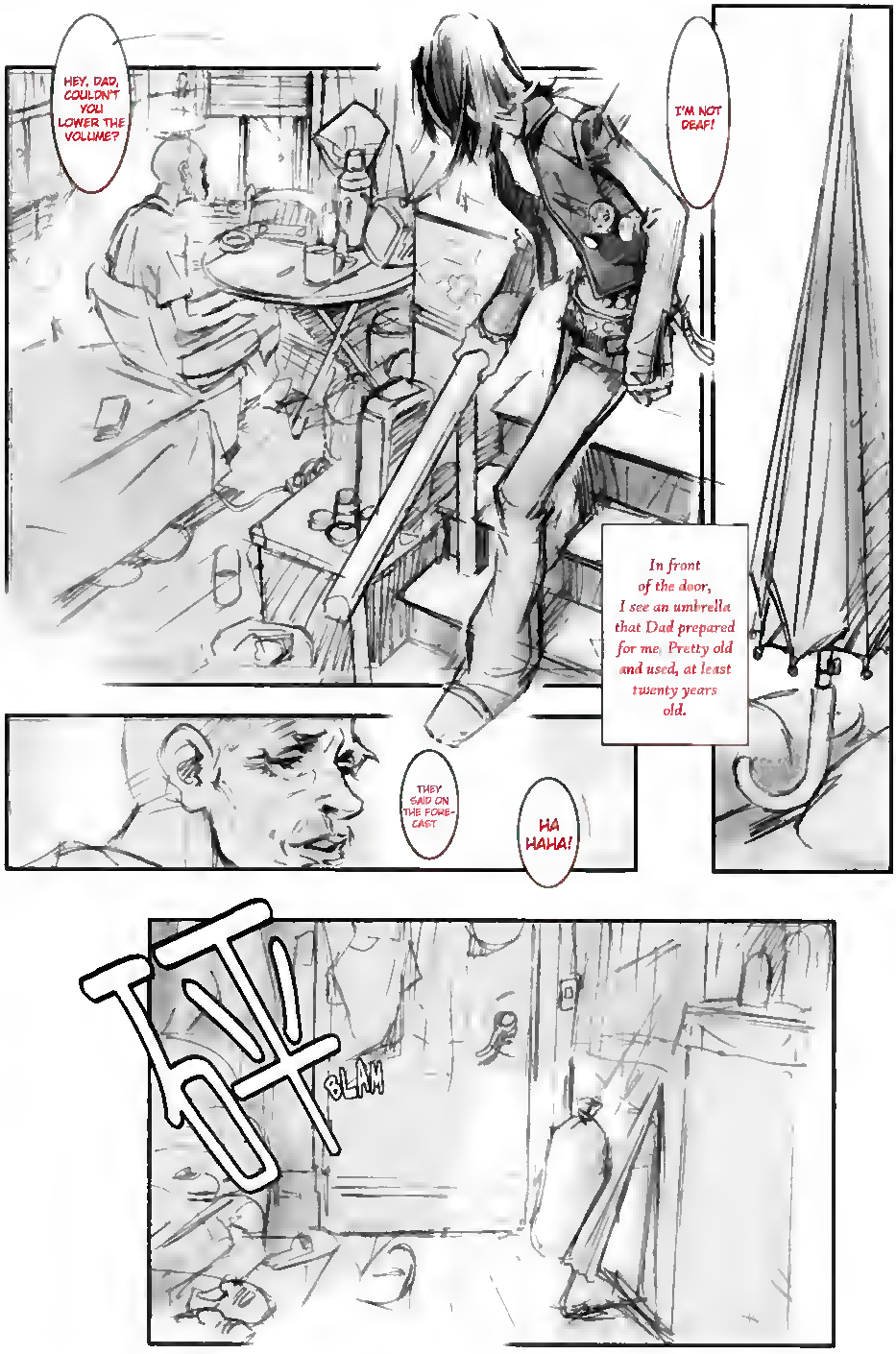
Well, enjoy the show.

funny_bunny:
Gut ist tot...
...but the world awaits!

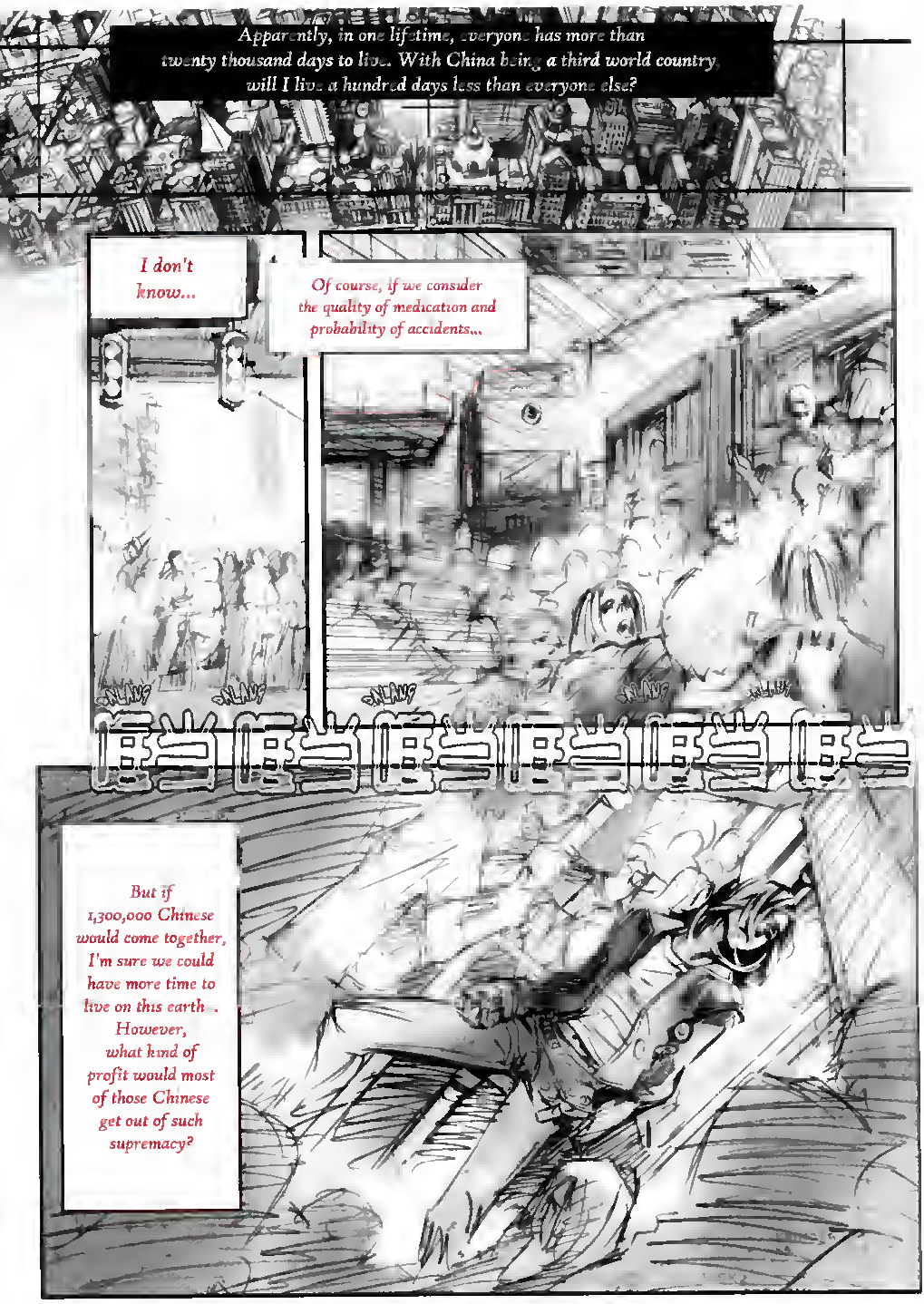
5 ONE DAY
33 A FLOWER THAT LIVES NOT IN SUMMER
63 AN AFTERNOON'S RAMBLING
73 THE DOVES HOVER IN SILENCE
85 ILLUSTRATIONS
109 ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATIONS
113 PHOTO TRYOUTS

BENJAMIN / 2001
ONE DAY


CLANG
DING
DING
THE USA HAS GIVEN AN ULTIMATUM TO THE TALIBAN REPORTS THE
THE JAPANESE PRIME MINISTER VISITS THE USA
7:15am I GET UP
It's a new day. One, like all others, that begins with my nose and gums bleeding..
THE BIRDS ARE ASSEMBLING FOR
OH, NO! IT'S STARTING AGAIN..
PIOUU!!
TODAY CLOUDY WITH LOW CHANCE OF RAIN THAT MAY BECOME HIGH IN THE AFTERNOON. MAXIMUM TEMPERATURE OF
PIIIIOUIITTT MOMMY, I WANT THIS KIND OF COOKIE PIIIOUIITTT OH CHINA, I LOVE YOU PIOUUIITT PIOUUIITT THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS HAVE JUST ARRIVED TO FIGHT


HEY, DAD, COULDN'T YOU LOWER THE VOLUME?
I'M NOT DEAF!
In front of the door, I see an umbrella that Dad prepared for me. Pretty old and used, at least twenty years old.
THEY SAID ON THE FORE-CAST
HA HAHA!
BLAM

7:30am I LEAVE FOR WORK


Apparently, in one lifetime, everyone has more than twenty thousand days to live. With China being a third world country, will I live a hundred days less than everyone else?
I don't know...
Of course, if we consider the quality of medication and probability of accidents...
But if 1,300,000 Chinese would come together, I'm sure we could have more time to live on this earth . However, what kind of profit would most of those Chinese get out of such supremacy?

嘀 TUT 嘀
嘀 TUT 嘀
TUT TUT
TUT TUT
九道路
I'm afraid that it wouldn't be for research or productivity. Most people ...
...would use it to simply "live".
I think...
Her, for example ...
呜 CLING
VRAOUM
轰隆轰隆轰隆轰隆轰隆轰

I pass by here every day at the same time and she's always there at the same time, brushing her teeth. The development of a species at its finest: when its biological clock eternally repeats the same fucking things...
What do I think of that type of life? Here's my best answer!
PFUIT

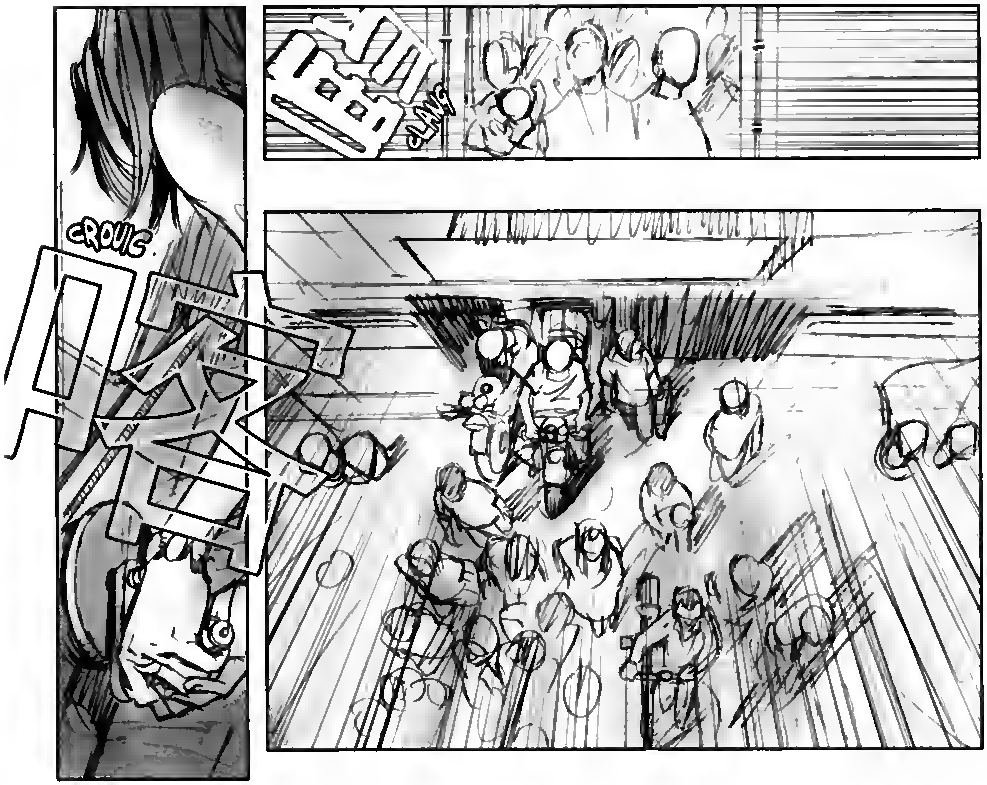
CLANG
TOUT
IT'S GOOD! THE ROPE FROM THE STAR-BOARD IS REMOVED!
TOUT
TOUT
TOUT
8:00am WORK BEGINS

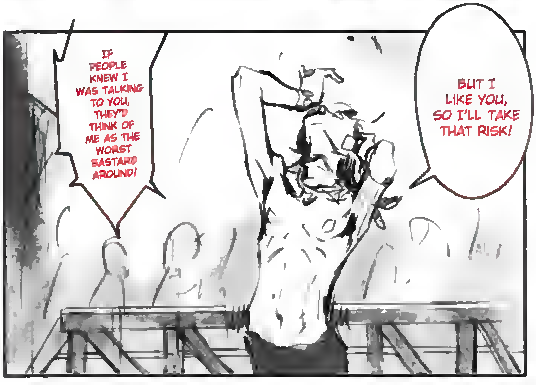
TOUT
TOUT
!
This job consists of doing the same thing ...
...and pissing off the same people!
All of these people cross the Huangpu River* every morning, and come back in the evening.
You can always read the same expression on them: worry, indifference and apathy. In fact .
...is there really a difference between them and the caged birds they walk with?

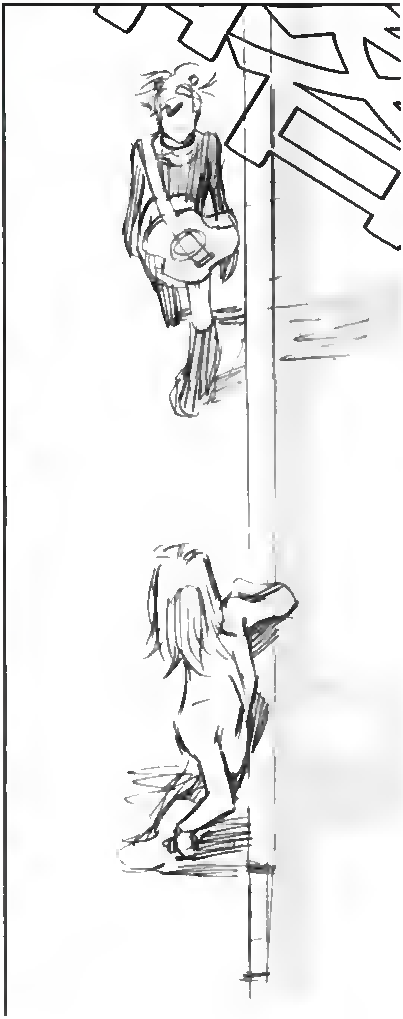
*A river that begins in Zhejiang that goes through Shanghai before merging into the Yangtze estuary

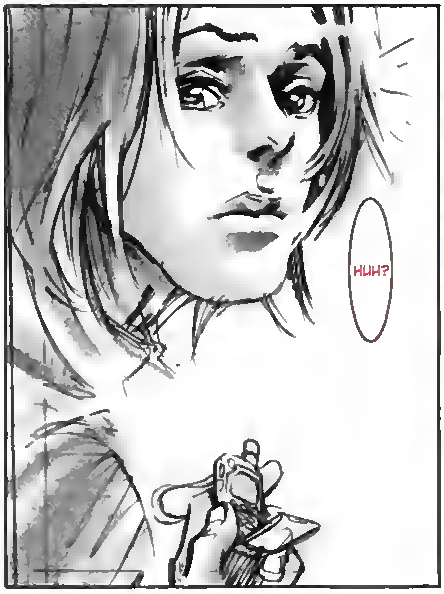
†The Chinese, particularly aged men, like to bring their caged birds on walks

12:10pm BREAKFAST

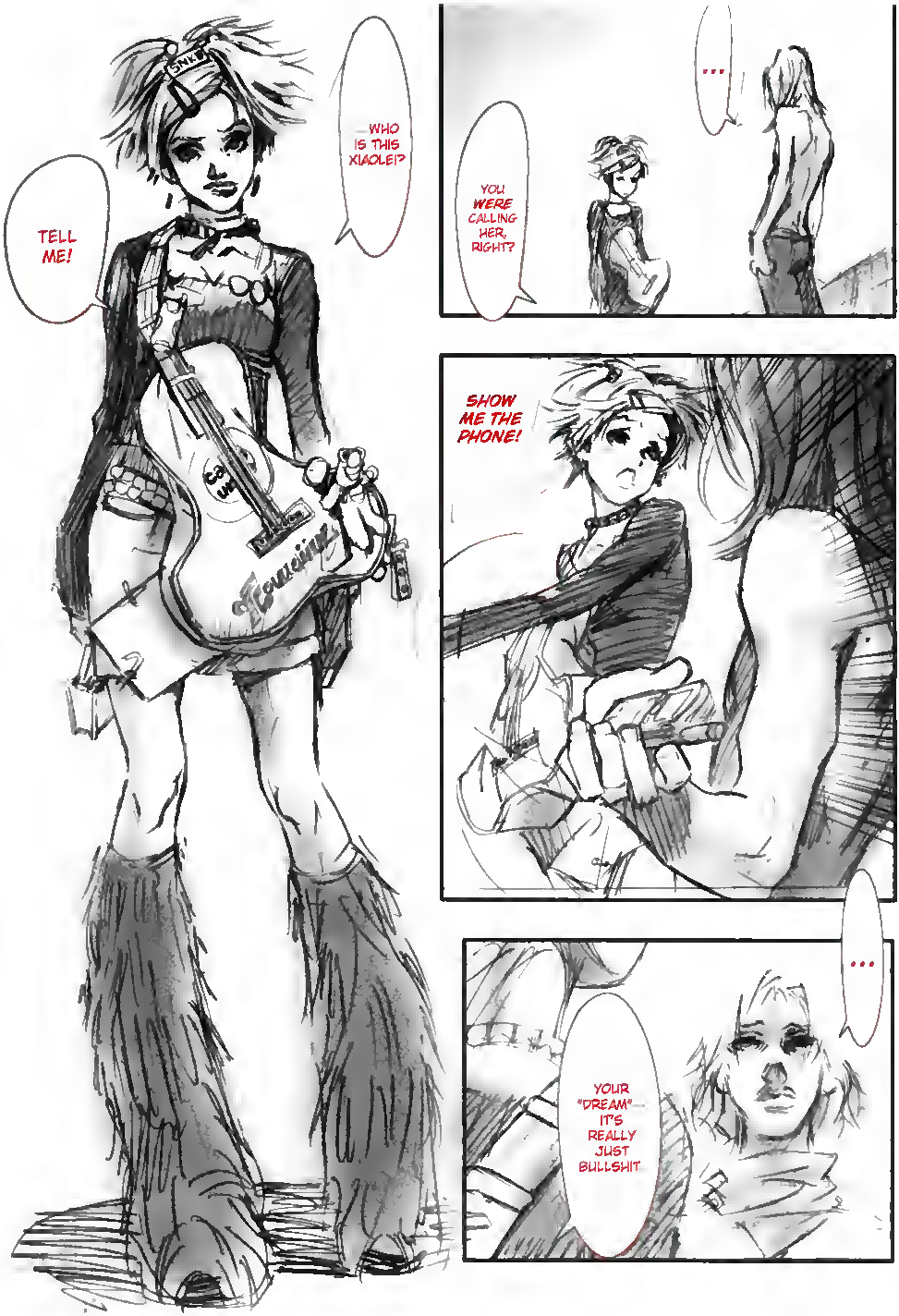


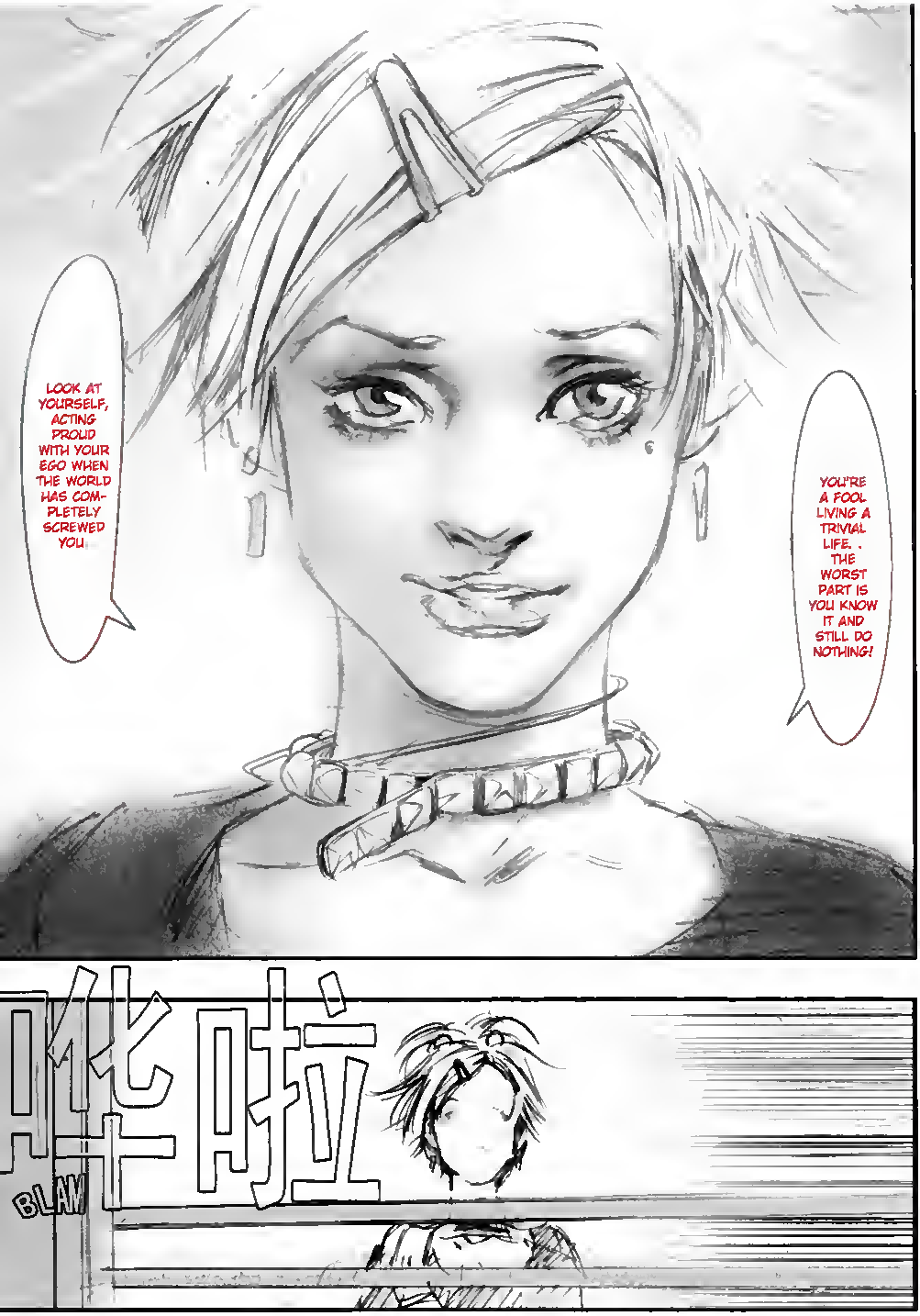




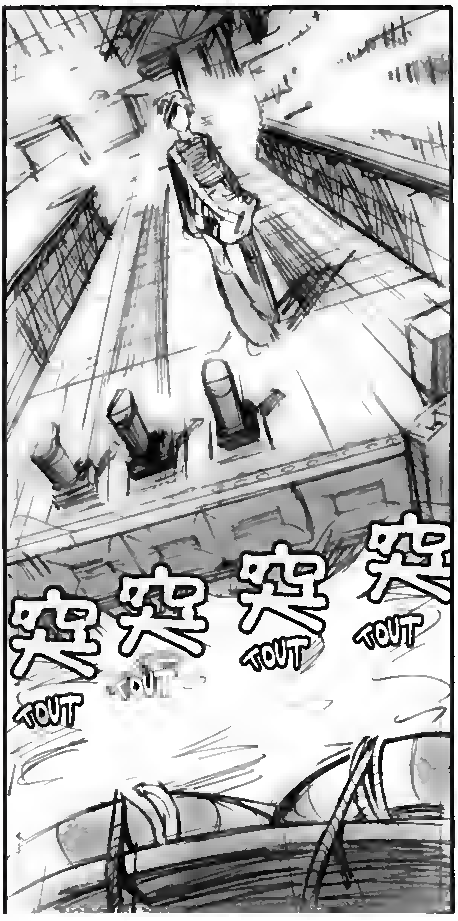


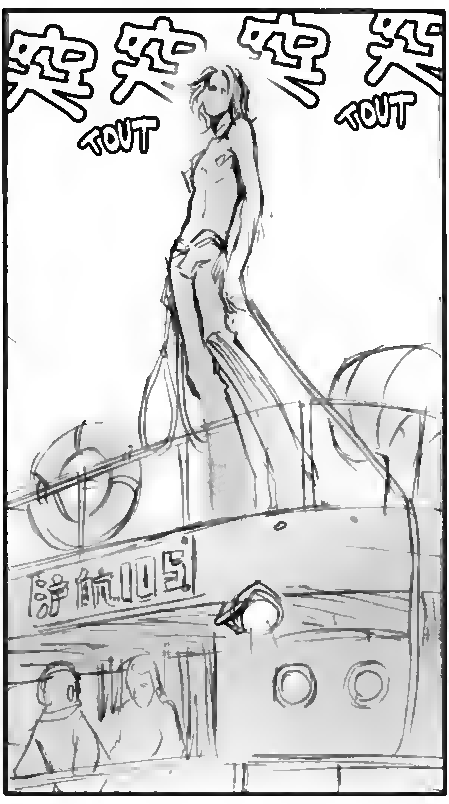
2:20pm SUDDENLY SHE APPEARS

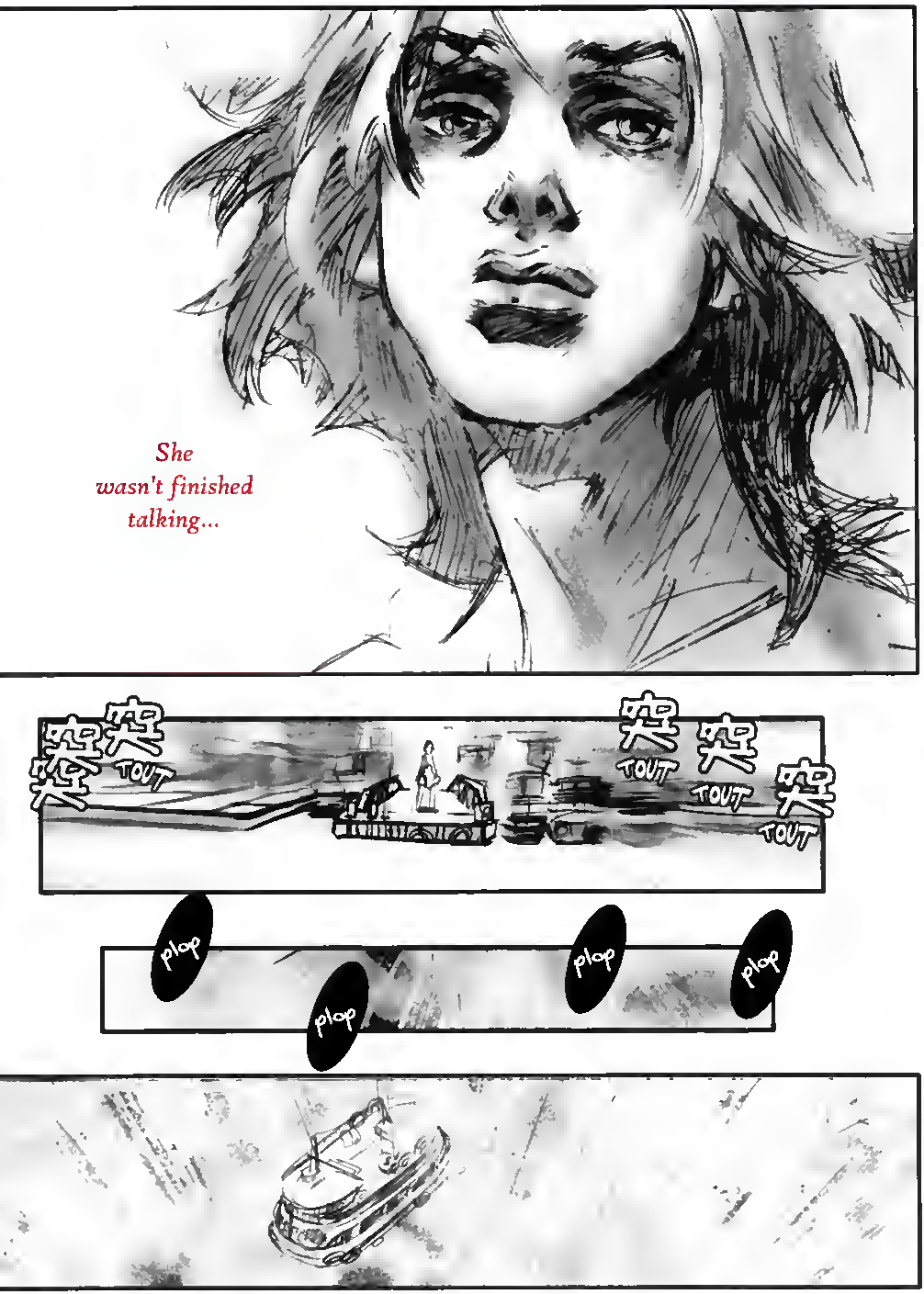

TELL ME!
WHO IS THIS XIAOLEI?
...
YOU WERE CALLING HER, RIGHT?
SHOW ME THE PHONE!
...
YOUR "DREAM"— IT'S REALLY JUST BULLSHIT


LOOK AT YOURSELF, ACTING PROUD WITH YOUR EGO WHEN THE WORLD HAS COMPLETELY SCREWED YOU.
YOU'RE A FOOL LIVING A TRIVIAL LIFE. . THE WORST PART IS YOU KNOW IT AND STILL DO NOTHING!
啪啦
BLAM

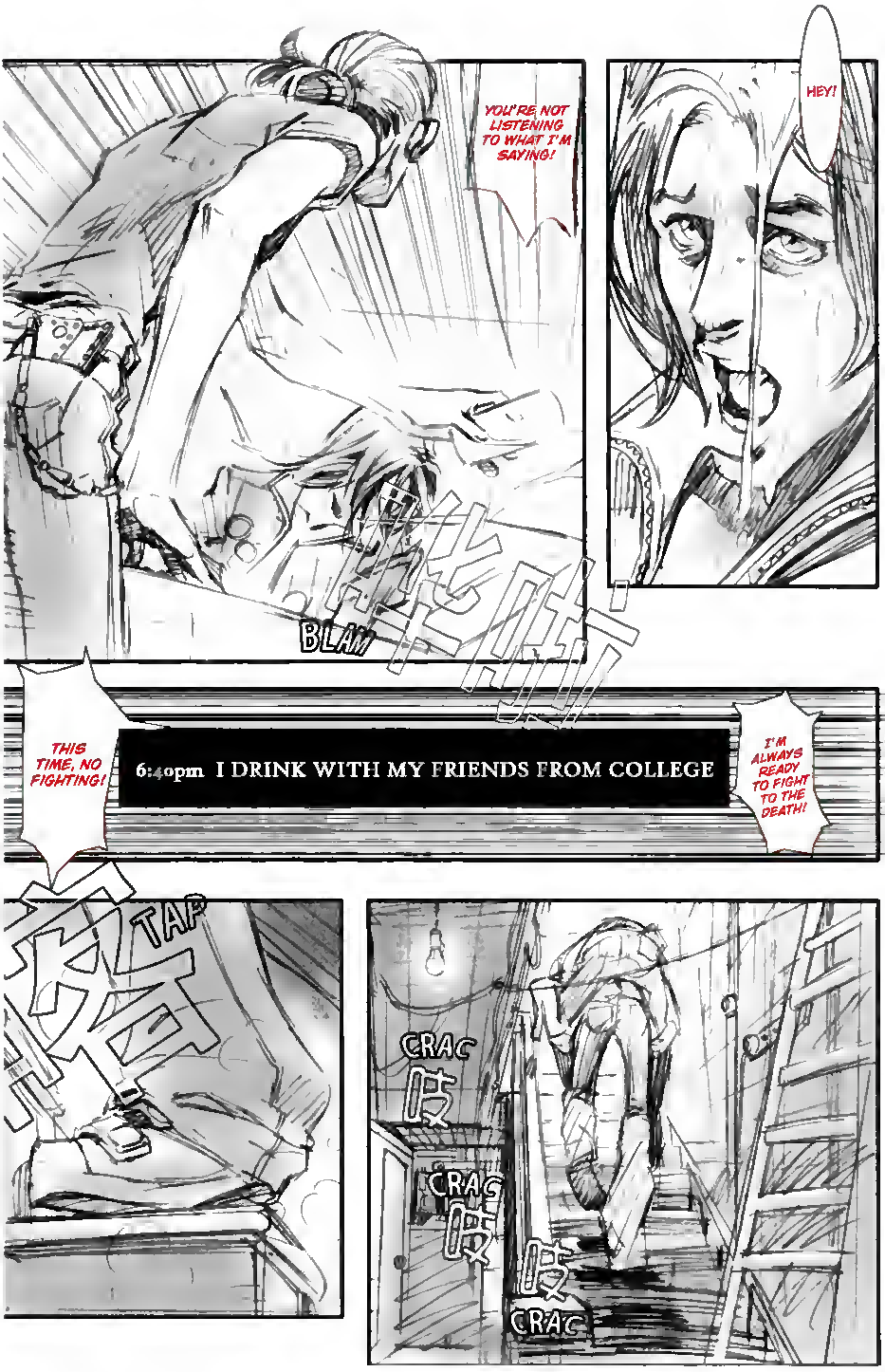
13
TRUIT

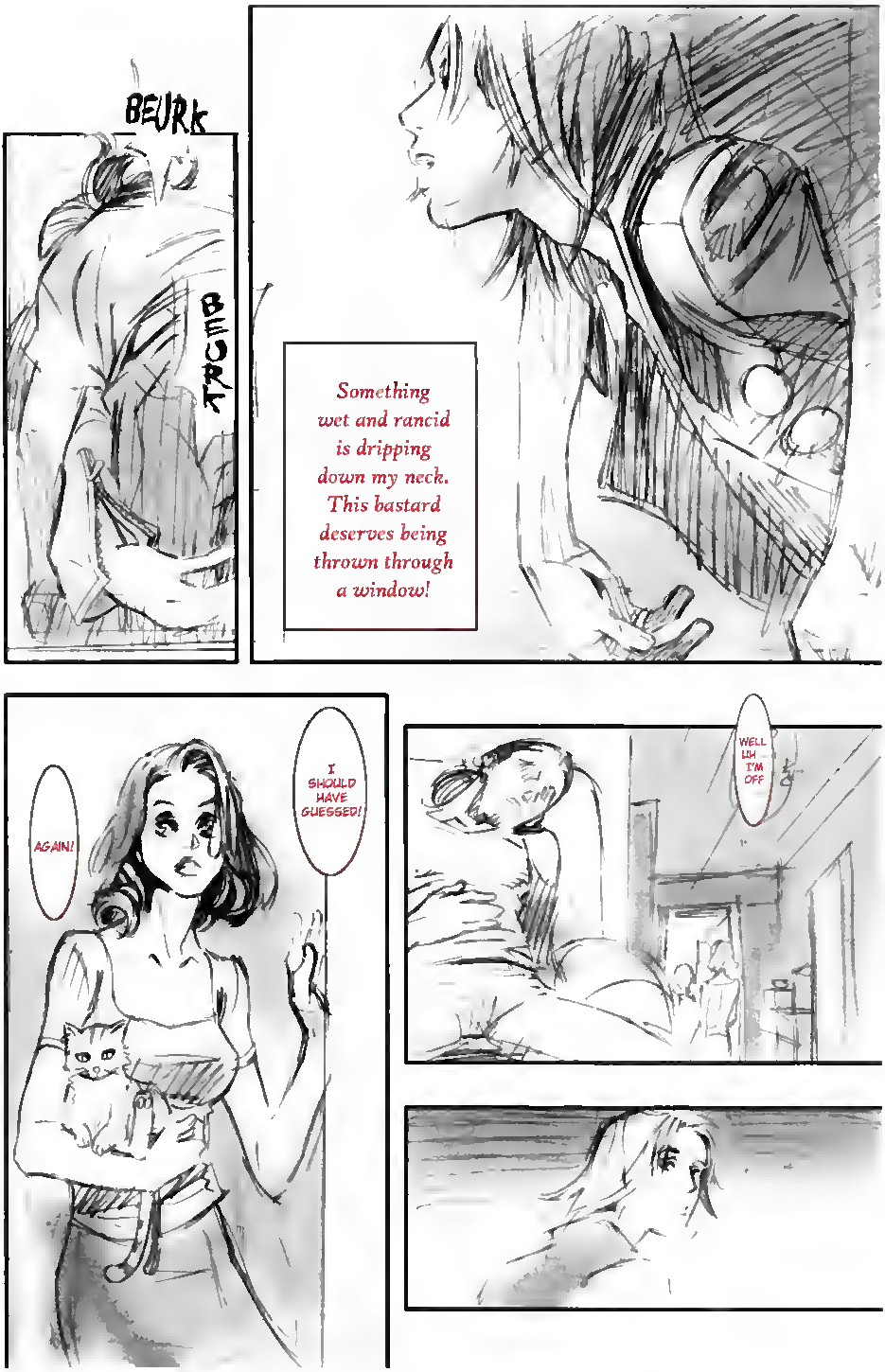

TOUT
TOUT
TOUT
TOUT
TOUT

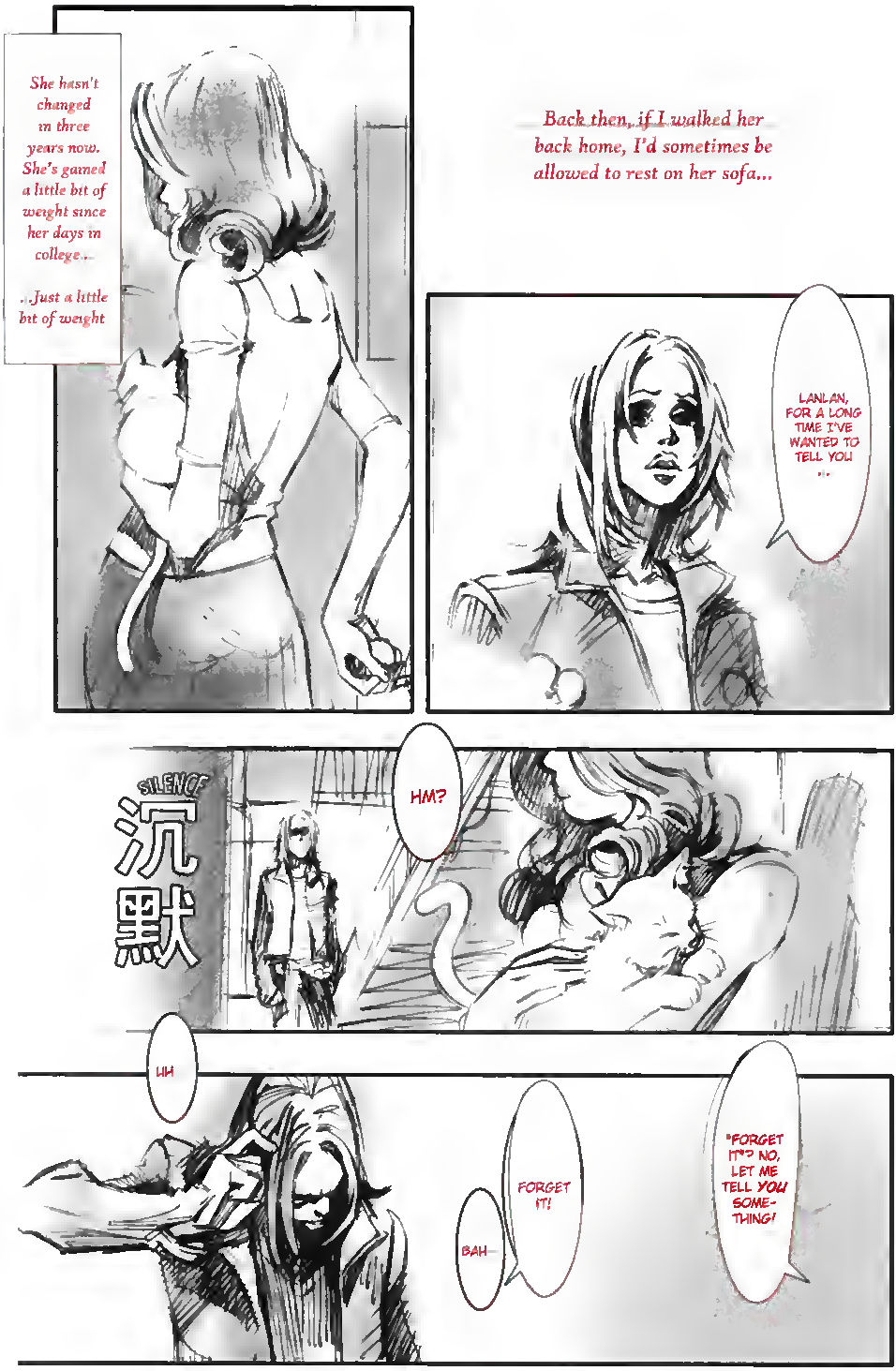

TOUT
TOUT

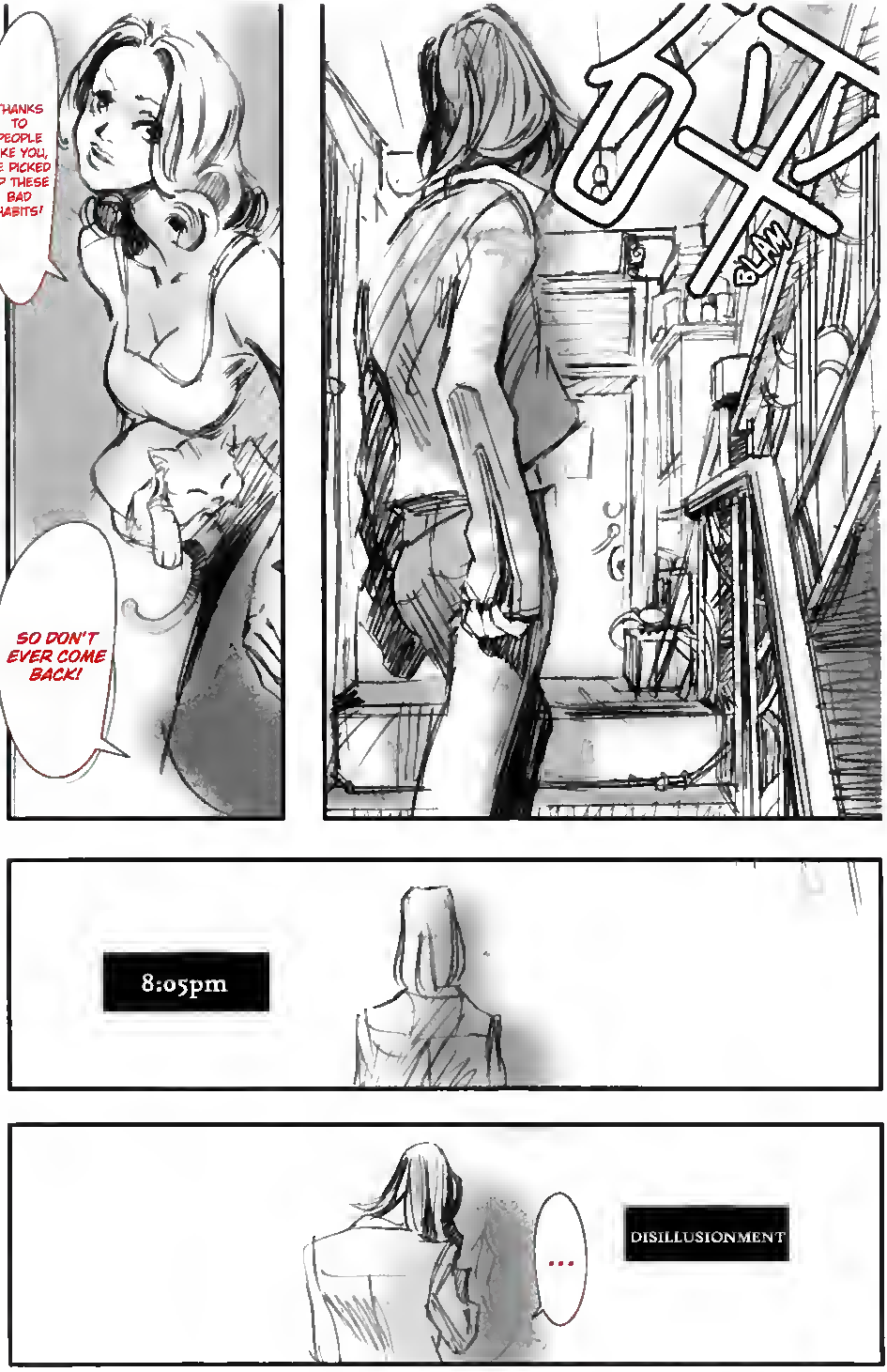

She
wasn't finished
talking...
TOUT
TOUT
TOUT
TOUT
TOUT
plop
plop
plop
plop

5:30pm END OF WORK
FLIC
FLOC
FLIC
FLOC
YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW SAD WE WERE YELLING AT EACH OTHER!
SHE HAS A HORRIBLE ATTITUDE!
For a long time, my brain has been empty, not knowing what to think...
YOU KNOW, SHE WAS NO REASON TO BE MAD AT ME
THE OTHER DAY WHEN HER AUNT CAME OVER
...BUT HOW DID I END UP WITH A HARPY LIKE HER!?
FLIC
FLOC
FLIC
FLOC
What I regret...
...is not taking Dad's umbrella.


YOU'RE NOT LISTENING TO WHAT I'M SAYING!
BLAM
HEY!
THIS TIME, NO FIGHTING!
6:40pm I DRINK WITH MY FRIENDS FROM COLLEGE
I'M ALWAYS READY TO FIGHT TO THE DEATH!
TAP
CRAC
CRAC
CRAC


BEURk
BEURK
Something wet and rancid is dripping down my neck. This bastard deserves being thrown through a window!
I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED!
AGAIN!
WELL UH... I'M OFF

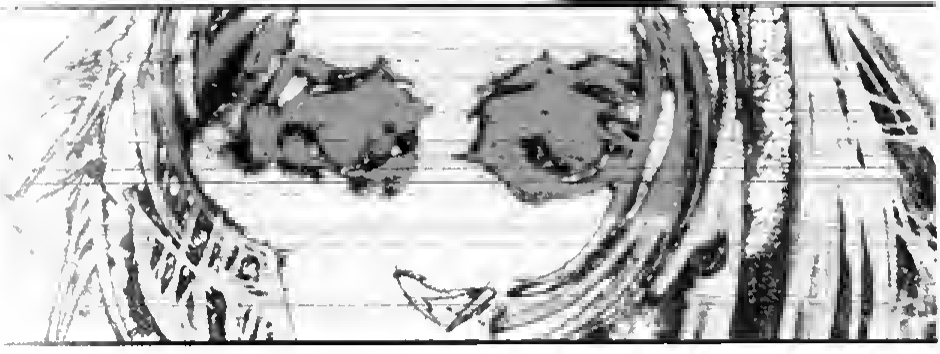

She hasn't changed in three years now. She's gained a little bit of weight since her days in college...
...Just a little bit of weight
Back then, if I walked her back home, I'd sometimes be allowed to rest on her sofa...
LANLAN, FOR A LONG TIME I'VE WANTED TO TELL YOU ...
SILENCE
沉默
HM?
UH
BAH
FORGET IT!
"FORGET IT"? NO, LET ME TELL YOU SOME-THING!

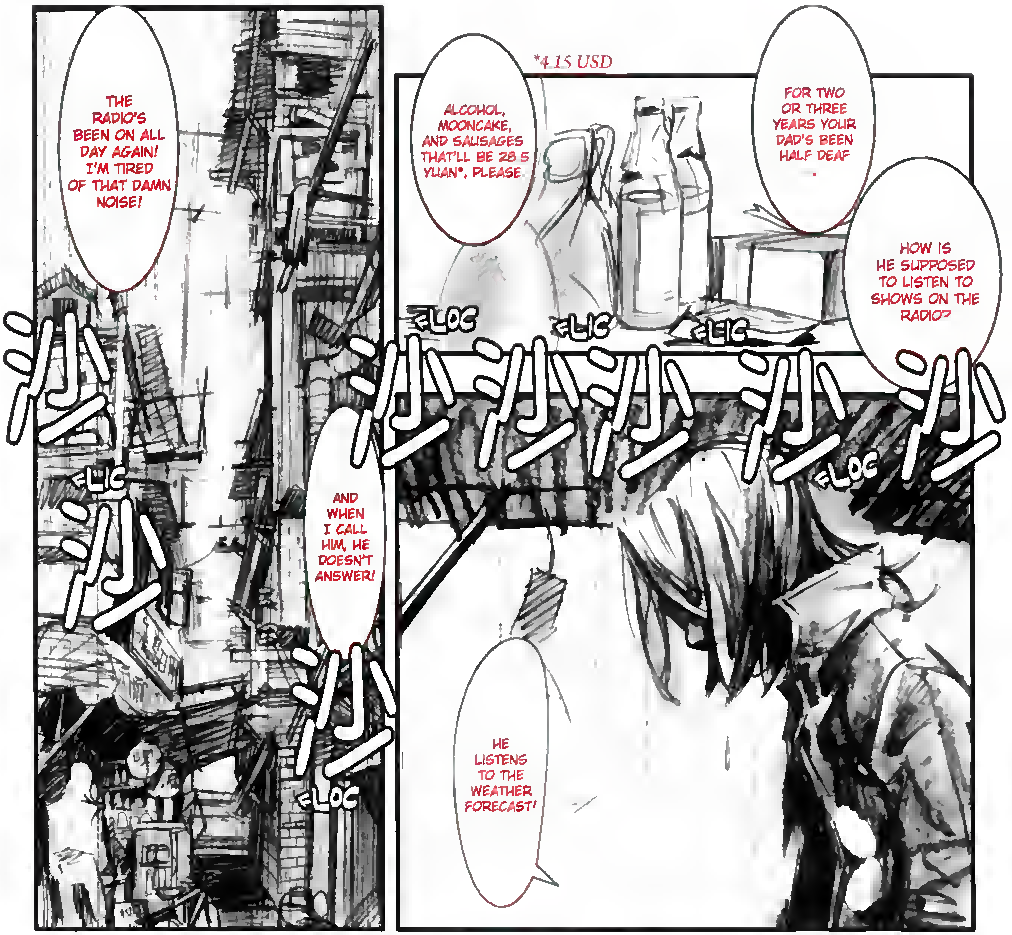

THANKS TO PEOPLE LIKE YOU, HE PICKED UP THESE BAD HABITS!
SO DON'T EVER COME BACK!
BLAM
8:05pm
...
DISILLUSIONMENT

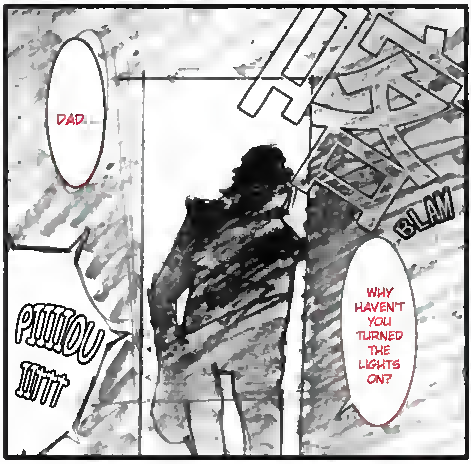
WATCH IT!
DUMB-ASS!
AAHHH!
CLIC
CLOC
CLIC
CLOC
CLOC
CLIC

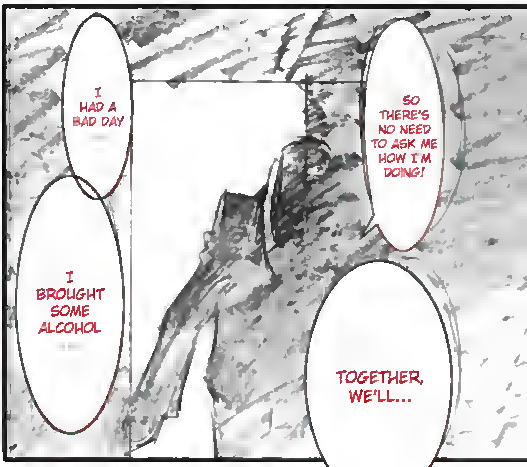
CLOC
CLIC
CLOC
CLIC
CLIC
CLOC
CLIC
CLOC
CLOC

8:30pm CONCLUSION



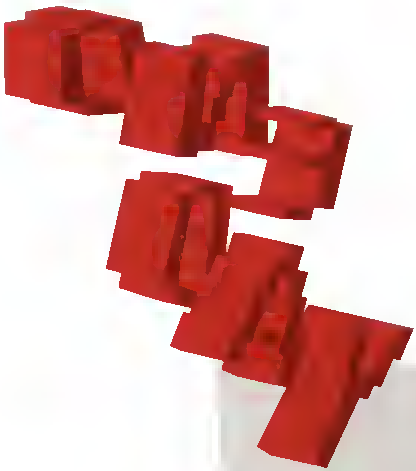

THE RADIO'S BEEN ON ALL DAY AGAIN! I'M TIRED OF THAT DAMN NOISE!
AND WHEN I CALL HIM, HE DOESN'T ANSWER!
<LIC
<LOC
ALCOHOL, MOONCAKE, AND SAUSAGES THAT'LL BE 28.5 YUAN*, PLEASE.
*4.15 USD
FOR TWO OR THREE YEARS YOUR DAD'S BEEN HALF DEAF.
HOW IS HE SUPPOSED TO LISTEN TO SHOWS ON THE RADIO?
<LIC
<LIC
<LOC
<LOC
HE LISTENS TO THE WEATHER FORECAST!


DAD.
BLAM
PIIIOU
WHY HAVEN'T YOU TURNED THE LIGHTS ON?


I HAD A BAD DAY.
SO THERE'S NO NEED TO ASK ME HOW I'M DOING!
I BROUGHT SOME ALCOHOL.
TOGETHER, WE'LL...

生还
DARING
咔
CLIC
I ALREADY TOLD YOU THAT...
DAD...?

9:00pm REINCARNATION



When I came up with "One Day", I was growing more mature; I was starting to observe what was happening around me, thinking very honestly on what I was trying to express. This is my take on the way people of my generation live; their dark sides, their resignation. So I created this character, a young man with self-esteem confronted with a day where everything goes wrong.

Looking back at it now...I'm shocked. Was I so childish in those days!?

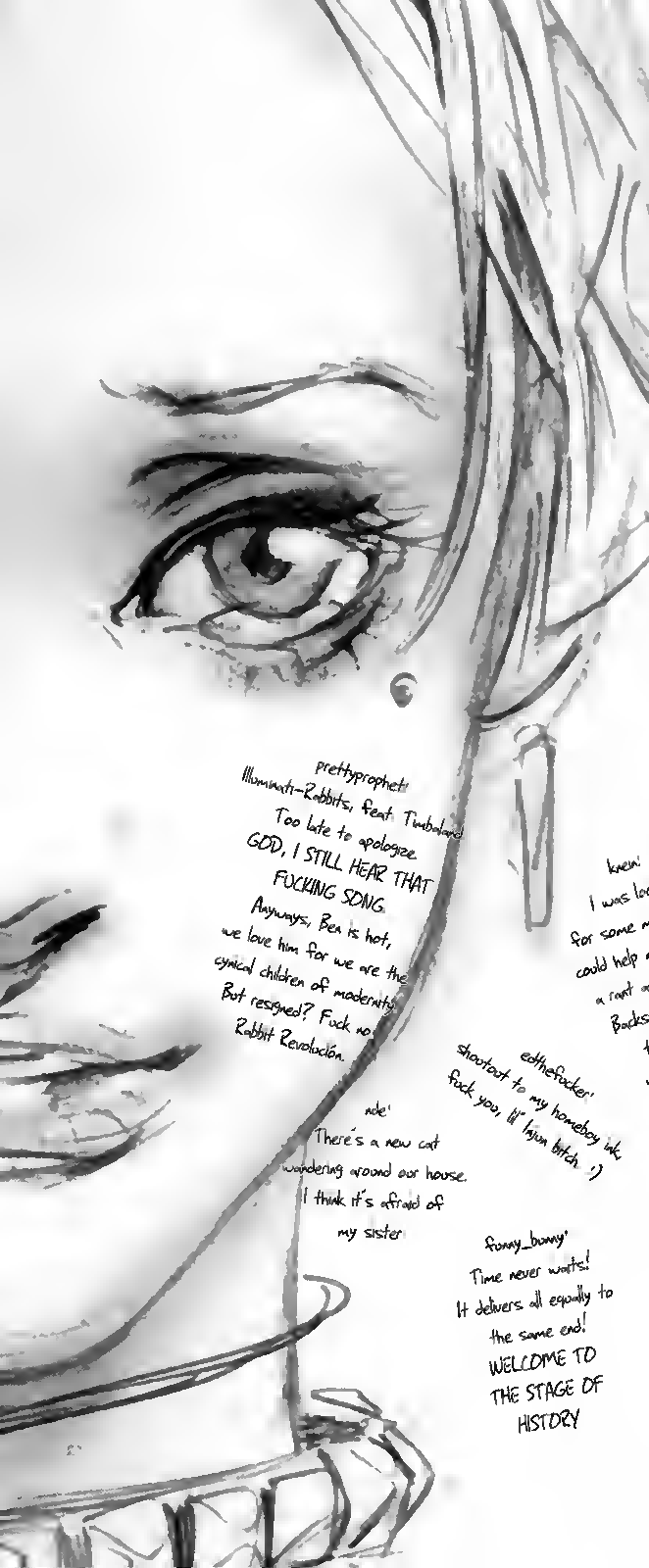
The rotting building that I live in on Nine-River Road, a poor street in Shanghai, my teenage girlfriends, the cats, the glowing eyes in the street, Waitan's* ferry boat...do they still remind you of something?

Everything's changed, everything's disappeared! Please forgive me for the mistakes of the past... I will miss you.

Does love really exist? Can we believe in sincerity? When did I start to become obnoxious?

We should make some cannon fodder...the debris would float all over the sky.

*The wharfs that are on the Huangpu River



One Day
Chapter 01
has been brought to you by:
The Rabbit Reich & Illuminati Manga

"Rockin' RR-IM Jobs fo' REALZ!"

Scanner
GGpX

Translator
GGpX

Script Editors
nde, prettyprophet

Cleaners
nde, edthefucker, prettyprophet, knein

Typesetter
funny_bunny

Quality-Check
funny_bunny

prettyprophet:
Illuminati-Rabbits, feat. Timbaland
Too late to apologize.
GOD, I STILL HEAR THAT FUCKING SONG.
Anyways, Ben is hot, we love him for we are the cynical children of modernity. But resigned? Fuck no. Rabbit Revolución.

knein:
I was looking for some music that could help me think of a rant and suddenly Backstreet Boys turns up wtf man.

edthefucker:
shoutout to my homeboy ink. fuck you, lil' Tajun bitch. ;)

nde:
There's a new cat wandering around our house. I think it's afraid of my sister.

funny_bunny:
Time never waits! It delivers all equally to the same end! WELCOME TO THE STAGE OF HISTORY

GGpX:
Benjamin is a real cool artist, especially when it comes to the color pages. (Later on in the volume---Waaaaaaaeeeeaaaa) It's just a bit of a shame that when he writes up his rants at the end of each story, he keeps rambling and rambling and rambling. Ah crap.

Just fyi, scanning this 120page volume, almost 50% smaller than regular Japanese volumes, came out at 57ggs in size for all of the pages. For a regular Japanese volume with 200-210 pages, with only one or two color pages, it's about a single gig. Yikes.

"I am surprised that such weak strands of grass can become so strong after you weave them together." - Zhou Yu

"Tai Chi Kung Fu used to make steamed buns, what a brilliant notion. Fill the pot from heaven with sweet buns; fantastic when done. You're a Kung Fu master, I can see. And your homemade treats look so tasty." - Sing

FUNNY_BUNNY

GGPX

RABBIT REICH, THE

ILLUMINATI-MANGA

[AXIS OF AWESOME]

"Striving for a Greater Global Graphic Novel Sphere."

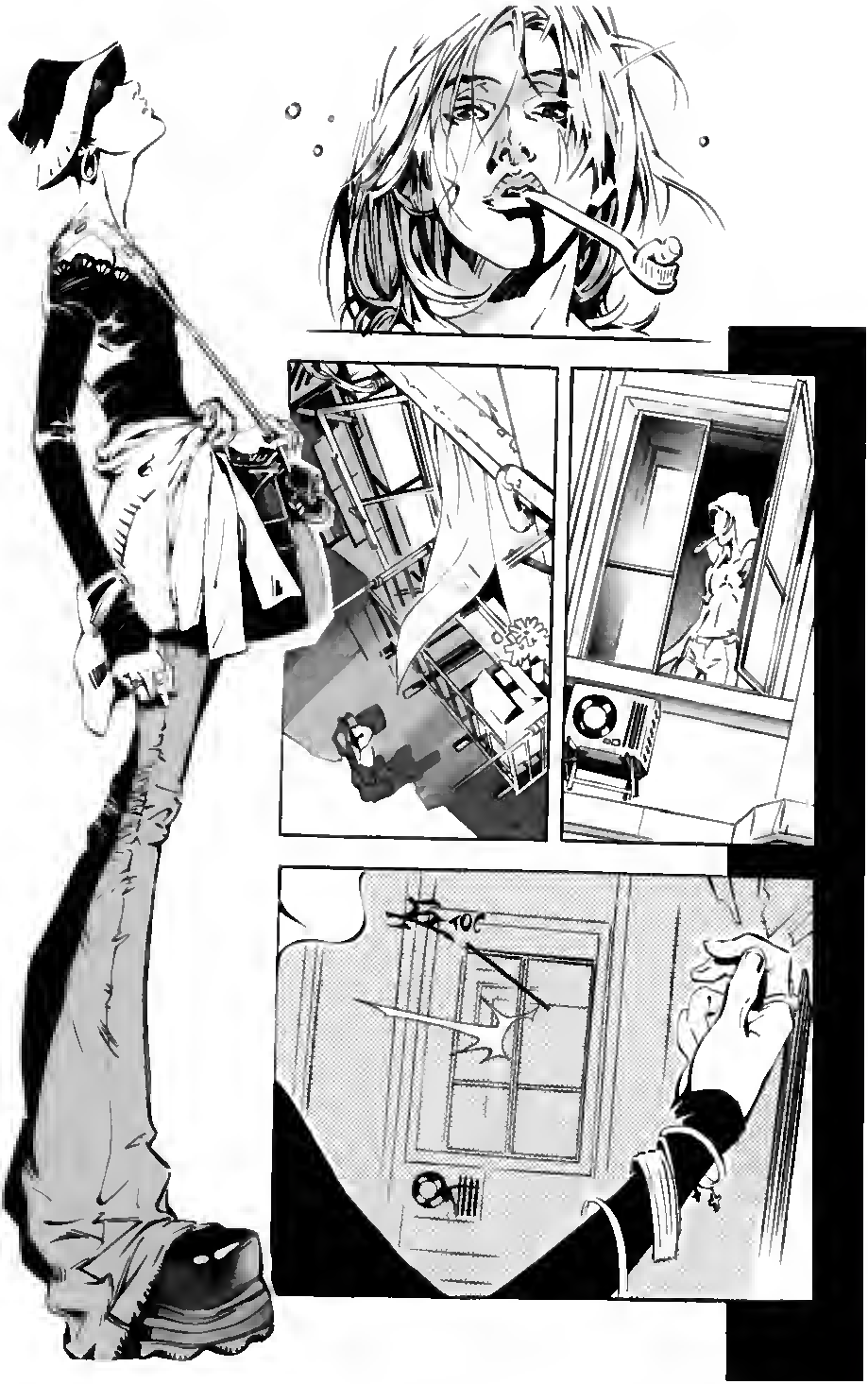
BENJAMIN / 2000
A FLOWER THAT LIVES NOT IN SUMMER

read left to right or I burn your rod
TIC
TAC
TIC
TAC
TIC
DRINNNG
DRINNNG

PRRICHHT
TLOCHH
TLOCHH

BANG
BANG
WEILONG 2202

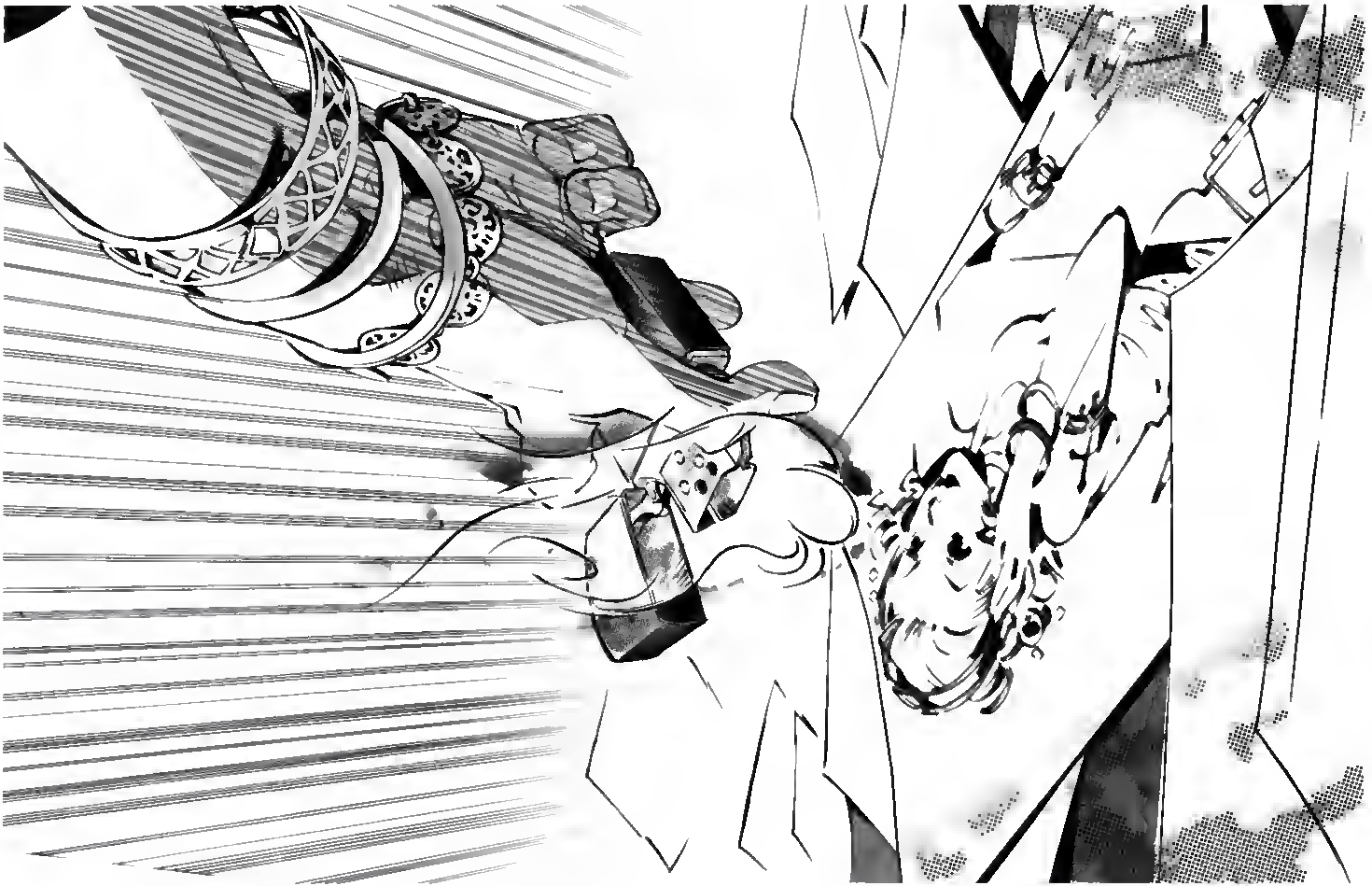
CLING
CLING
CLING
CLING
CLING
CLING
CLING
CLING
CLING
CLING
CLING
DRING DRING DRING
CLING
STUMP



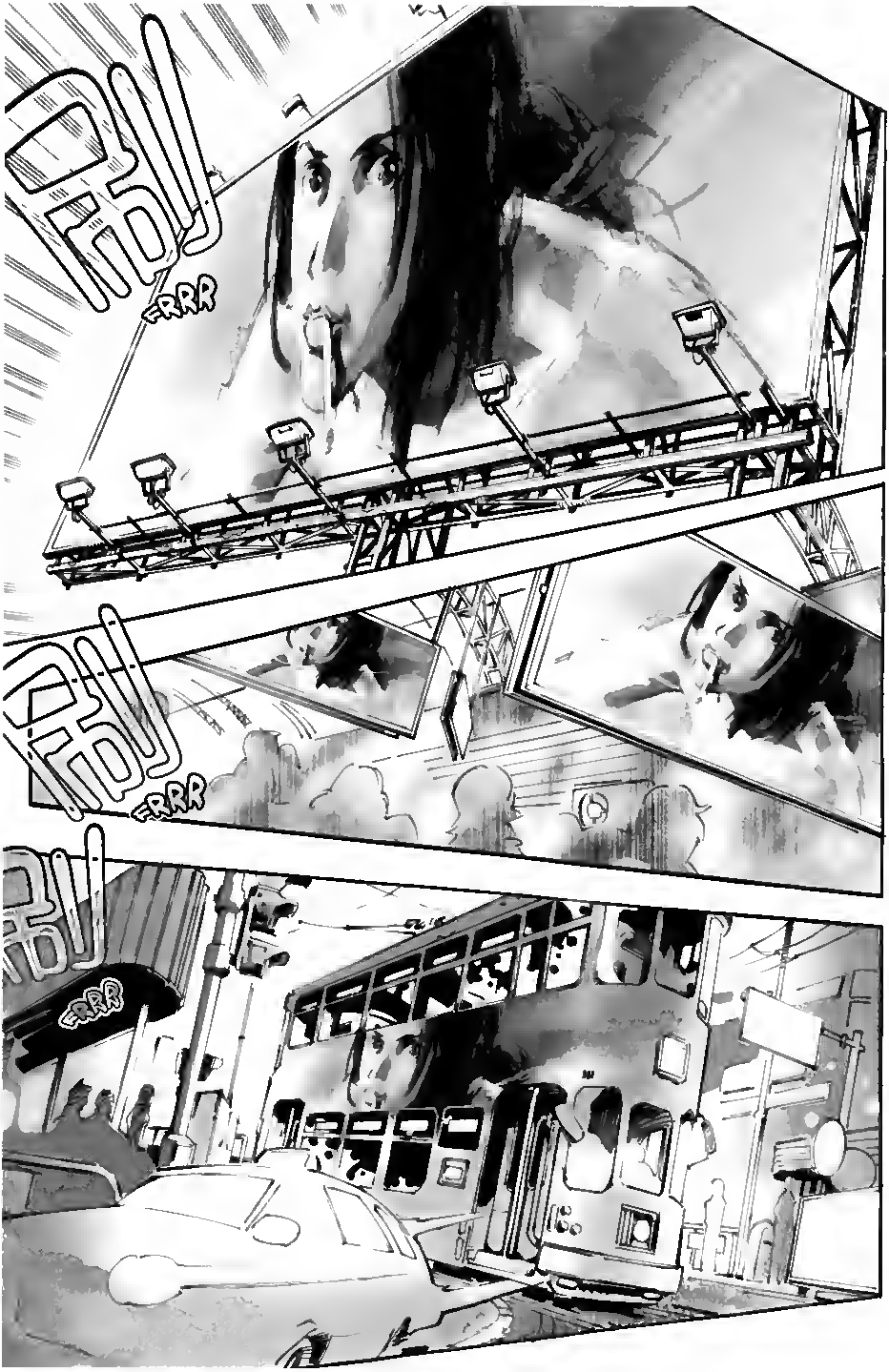
RING RING

SLAOUM

PAF

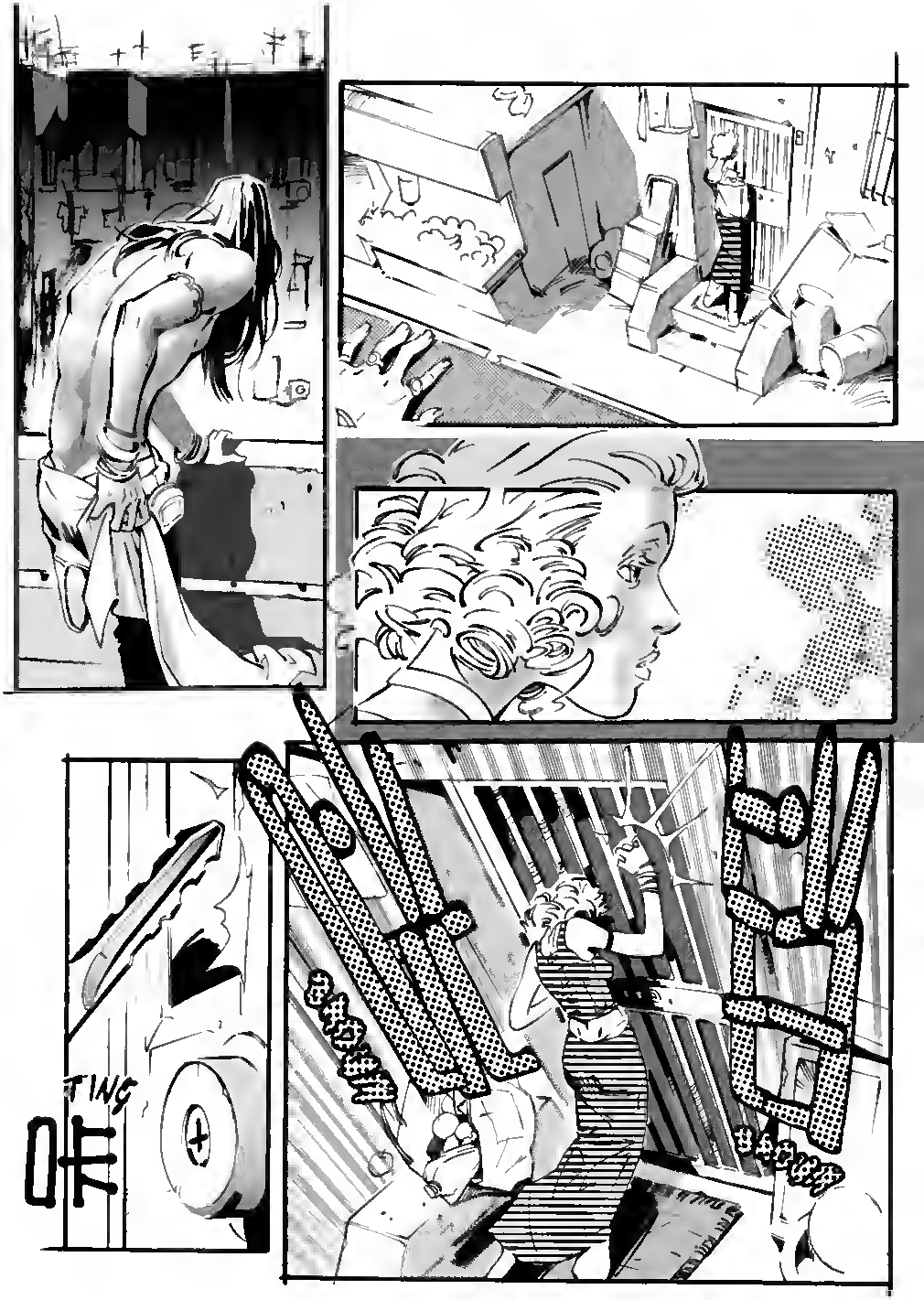


DING
MANHUA LICENSING
GRAND ILLUSIONS
EDITION
WENZHANG MANHUASHE
文章漫画社


RRR
-RRR
RRR
-RRR
RRR
-RRR

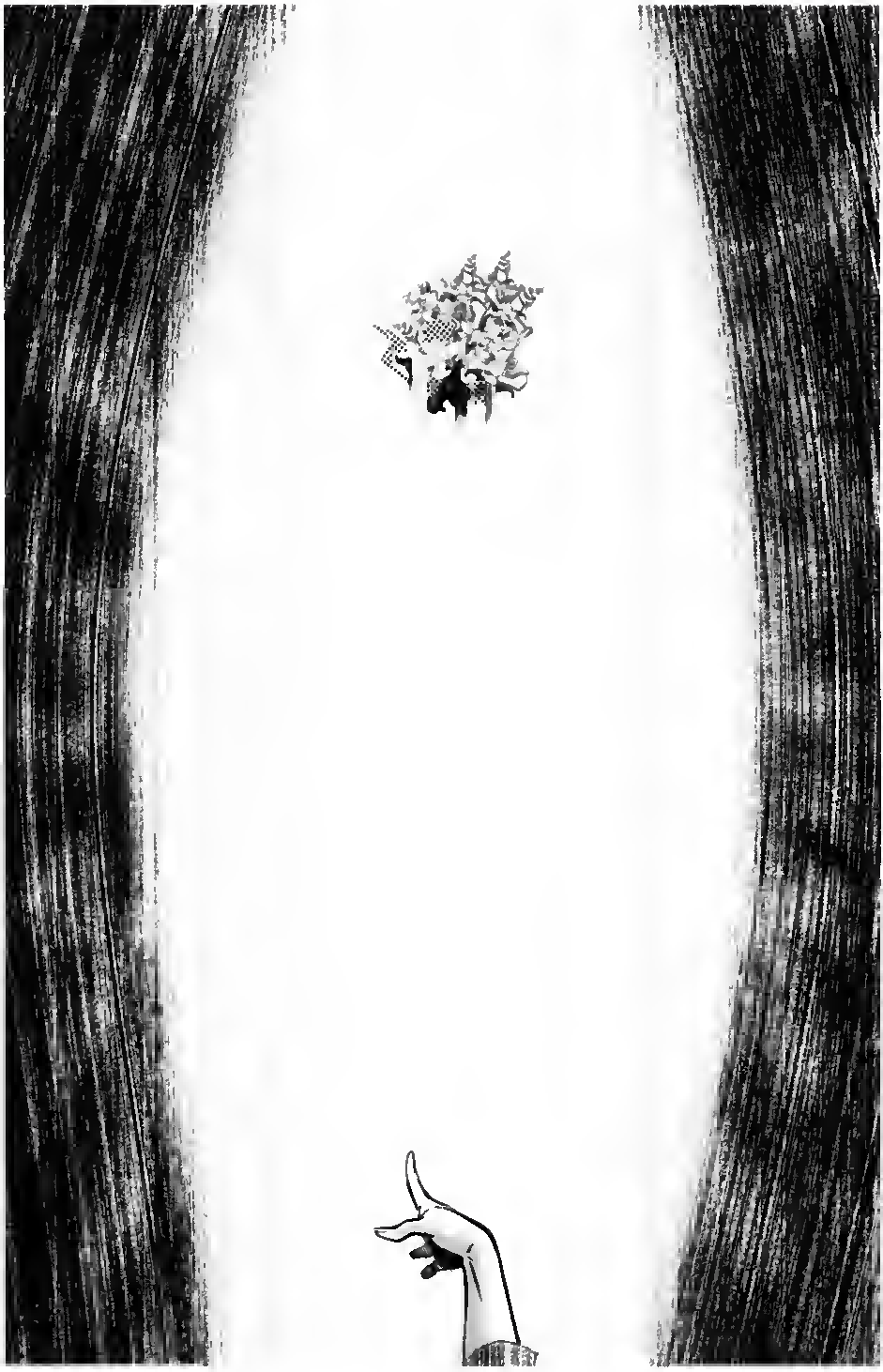
JUMP

铃
DRING
DRING
DRING
DRING

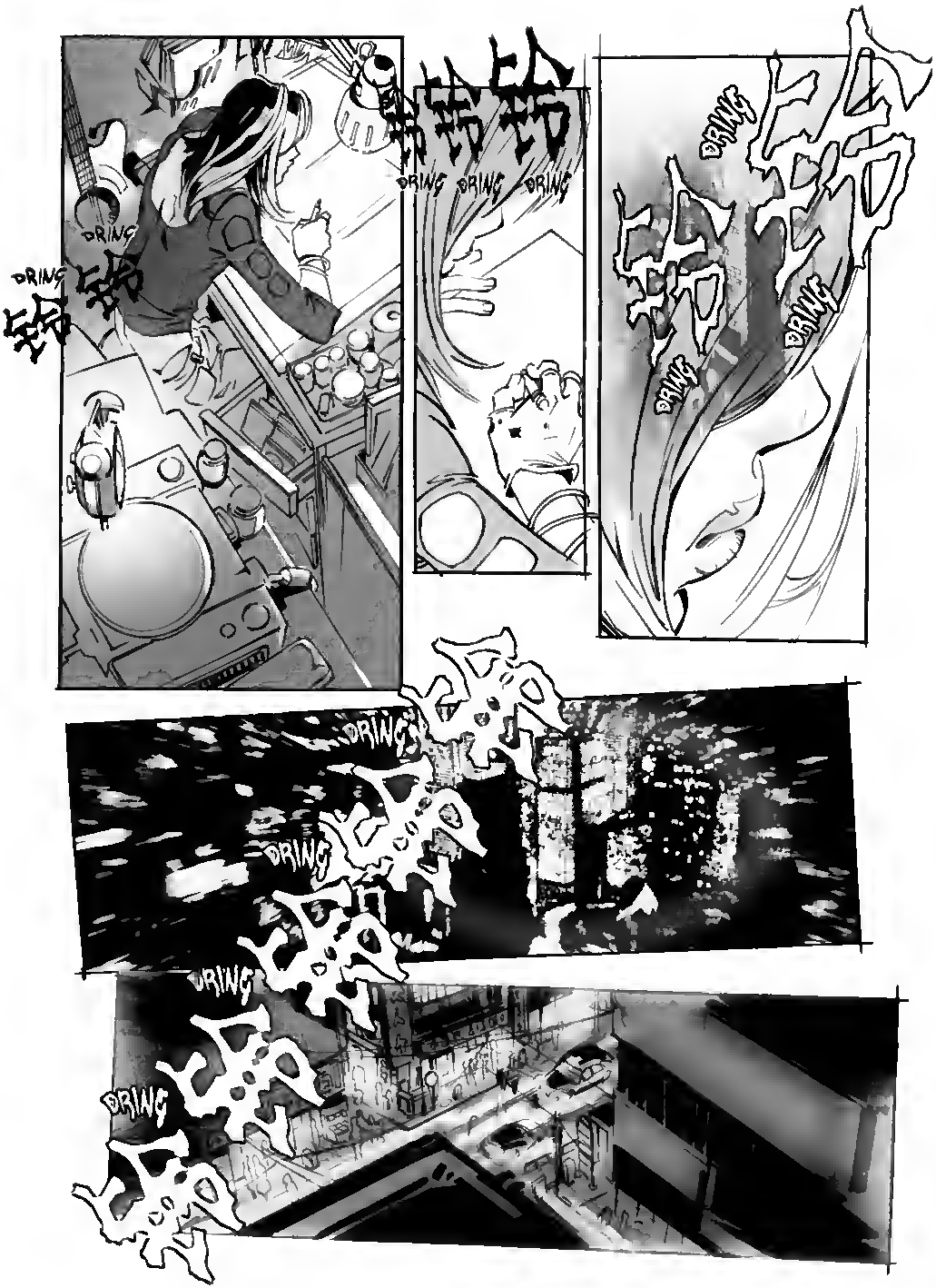

TING

CHLAE
靜
CLANG
叮
SON
BONG
呯
KISS
YCHAC
lip!

CHAC
NORTH POLE
VRAOUM



다다다다다
타닥
타닥


DRING
DRING
DRING
DRING
DRING
DRING
DRING
DRING
DRING
DRING
DRING
DRING

DRING
DRING
DRING
鈴鈴……
DRING
鈴……
4
A FLOWER THAT LIVES NOT IN SUMMER
A FLOWER THAT LIVES NOT IN SUMMER
Volume 4

My drawing techniques had just developed; I was still an honest "local worker". Why draw this story? Because I love life? Because I love drawing? A young daredevil like I didn't bother ask those questions. At the time I was looking for a woman to marry, so I was only drawing love stories! I was doing a lot of "literary composition", with complicated stories, without ever worrying if it made sense or not. Then many readers told me that in the past they were touched by my work, but it wasn't the case anymore.

The ideas and sentiments expressed in "A Flower That Lives Not In Summer" came to me instinctively, without reflection; straight from the neurons. I was not scared of vulgarity or being childish.

When I think back to my youth in the Liuliqiao neighborhood in Beijing where I was living in 1999, I tell myself that it was really picturesque. I was living through my first love story. At the time, even drawing a rock, I would put emotion.

Six years have passed. I've finally become someone. However, before becoming a known manhua artist, I went through the phases "not gifted", "doesn't work enough", "isn't progressing"... As of now, I lost the sense of aesthetics; I've lost my force, my spirit of vanguard...I am, in one word, "mature".

Simple living* has accompanied me up until today and I think it'll follow me until the end of my life.

What is most important to me is that you've already disappeared for a long time, taking with you my love. I draw new stories, but I am incapable of giving them strong emotions. When I draw the face of the female protagonist, I am still unable to give her the feeling, the freshness that you had.

*Literally voluntary poverty.

One Day
Chapter 02
has been brought to you by:
The Rabbit Reich & Illuminati Manga

"Rockin' RR-IM Jobs fo' REALZ!"

Scanner:
GGpX

Translator:
GGpX

Script Editor:
nde

Cleaners:
nde, funny_bunny, Kawaii Pattycakes, SneakerPimp

Typesetter:
funny_bunny

Quality-Check:
Lavie Rhap

nde:
I just realized I haven't done anything for the past several days. There's Rabbit work but I don't think we're supposed to count that.

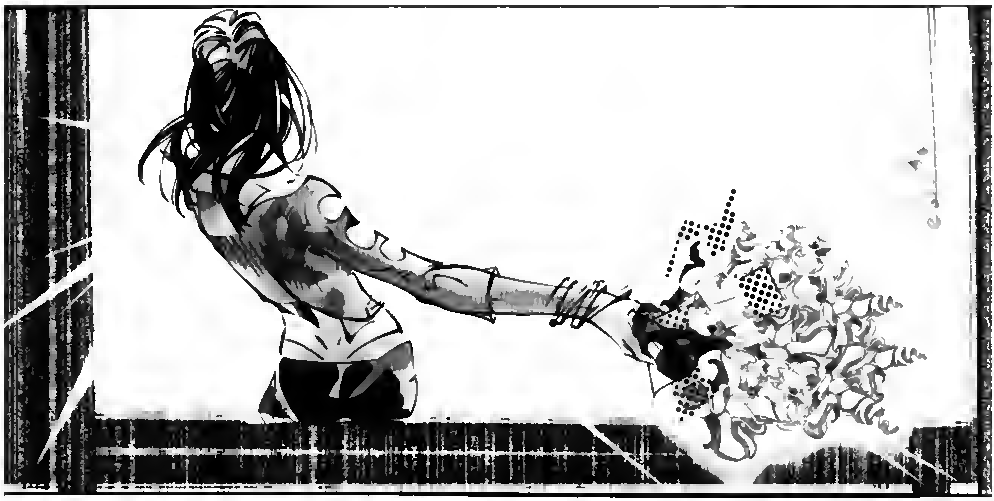
funny_bunny:
I was at the North Pole once. Santa, polar bears, and Coca-Cola raped me.

SneakerPimp:
look mum
im on the rabbit reich credits page!

Lavie Rhap:
I had seen *Nothing is Private* about a year ago and the name change back to the original title is somewhat surprising. Unfortunately, it gives ed an excuse to utter racial slurs repeatedly.

Kawaii Pattycakes:
BENJAMIN
PUT IN EVA!!!
PAGE 60!!!!!!!
ASUKA IS SOOOO <3
AND FRONT MISSION 5
PATCH TWOOOOOOO
GET IT GET IT
GET GET GET!!

GGpX:
I got banned on MangaHelpers the other day. I guess that's the thanks I get for scanning a volume for them. But when I think about it, if I would of said "thx u ur so kewl :))))" instead of "Fuck off faggot" all of those times, I would of became a MangaHelpers "moderator" and I could of banned all of those shitheads I told off. The price to pay is fairly hefty, though. I'd have to sell off my balls and half of my brain to attain moderator status. So I'd become a cowardly cunt who can only say "thx u ur so kewl :))))" without actually understand what was actually "kewl" about the fucker in the first place. Ah, the life of an Idio---Er, I mean MangaHelpers moderator, how it must be fun to be such a coward.



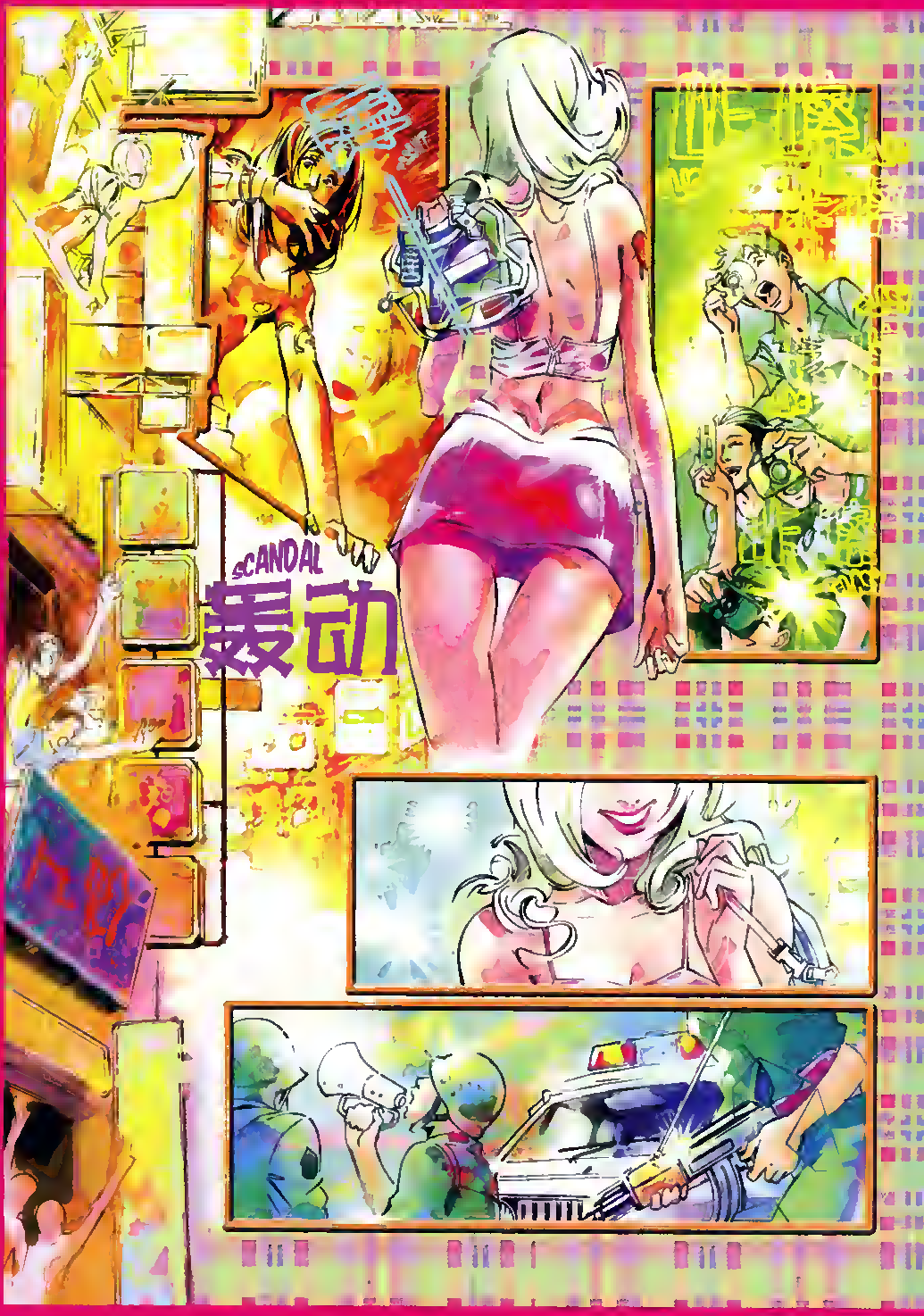
BENJAMIN / 2000

AN AFTERNOON'S RAMBLING

read left to right
if i support
NarutoFan

SSSS
DING
DONG
CLAC

BOUM
BOUM
BOUM
BOUM


SCANDAL
轰动

POLICE
EVASION
PAN
PAN
PAN
PAN

The old Man

BOUM
TO OUR PARENTS:
NO BEAUTY CAN BE HIDDEN,
NO LOVE CAN BE CONTROLLED.

When I started, I didn't have my own style, not even for my first creations. I remember that I was drawing them for a friend named Fei Yuyan. He had really curly hair. At only 19 years, he was the editor of a magazine. Often, with his VTT*, he'd come by to "see what my drawings were worth"; but how can you judge a work of only eight pages?

We were totally in love with discussion. Boasting about the future of manhua and Chinese animation was enough to make us happy...until the day his VTT went flying, hit by a Jeep Cherokee. Fei Yuyan was only injured slightly but he never came back. A short time afterwards, he moved to Canada. It's already been four years since he's left!

Ah! Chen Xi, Xiaoniao, Fei Yuyan; they were my good manhua buddies at the time!

*Type of bicycle

One Day
Chapter 03
has been brought to you by:
The Rabbit Reich & Illuminati Manga

"Rockin' RR-IM Jobs fo' REALZ!"

Scanner:
GGpX

Translator:
GGpX

Script Editor:
prettyprophet

Cleaners:
prettyprophet,
Peking Duck

Typesetters:
prettyprophet,
funny_bunny

Quality-Check:
Lavie Rhap

prettyprophet:
Neon fucking pink.
Way to kill my eyes.
Apocalyptic lesbian love?
Fuck yes.

Lavie Rhap:
I bought some clothes like this last week.
Well, not as revealing.
and in a more modest color.
so it's not really like this?

GGpX:
I'm moving in a week.
Too much stuff to do.

Peking Duck:
Sometimes you just have to get your skank on.

funny_bunny:
Only did a TINY TEENY bit of work!
BUT I PAID FOR THIS,
SO I DESERVE TO HAVE MY NAME EVERYWHERE!

READING THIS OFF AN ONLINE COMIC SITE??

WHAT TOMFOOLERY NONSENSE IS THAT!?!?!

DON'T MAKE
"UNTITLED GUY BENJAMIN DREW
FROM *IO: ART OF THE WIRED*"
CRY BY READING SUCH LOW QUALITY!!

GET THE REAL DEAL FROM ILLUMINATI'S IRC
OR DIRECT-DOWNLOAD FROM THE RABBITS!!!!

Public Service
Announcement
brought to you by the
Axis of Awesome

BENJAMIN / 2001
THE DOVES HOVER IN SILENCE

For a little while now, I've secretly had a crush on a girl.
...But I have neither money...
...nor talent.
My parents, before they died, only left me an old guitar shop.
A long time ago, my mother, with high hopes for my future, taught me a song... so I began to play it gently...
This love had no chance of ever working out, like God had abandoned me...
One day, when I was feeling lonely, I took my guitar...
TERRIBLE! DON'T PLAY IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW!
WHAT'S THAT NOISE!? IT'S AWFUL!

STOP IT! YOU SUCK!
CLANG
BING!
...But it really annoyed the neighbors...
Maybe I didn't have the gift of music, but...
So, I continued to play!
...there was still someone who listened to this horrible song.
It was her...

I didn't stop singing...
...not for one second!
And, like always, she was there, watching me silently with her expressionless face.

It lasted so many days that I lost count. By then, my song wasn't as bad.
I started to gain some fans.
Suddenly, I saw a curious expression on that young girl's face.
That made the time pass by in a flash...
BANG

I'll always love you!!
HAN
HAN...
I understand. People who don't have talent aren't allowed to love! She left, without saying a word, and disappeared from sight...
HAN..
TIING!
HAN

STOP CRYING! YOU C_N SING PRETTY WELL.
THE PROBLEM IS YOUR GUIT_R'S NO GOOD.
LISTEN TO ME:
I WANT YOU TO PLAY WITH THE BEST GUITAR IN THE WORLD!
That guy's a famous music producer. According to him, all the girls in the world will fall in love with me.
But...
ROL

...I didn't care, as long my song pleased her.
TODAY'S THE DAY OF MY CONCERT ...
FROM NOW ON I MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO SING JUST FOR YOU

Once I said that, I stood there, looking at her... ...dazed
She smiled...
...then caressed my cheek.
HAN..
I looked in the direction she was pointing.

Is this her everyday universe?
How ordinary...yet so incredible!
When I turned my head...
She had already disappeared.
KALANG

During the concert, I lifted my guitar very, very high!
I don't know why I'm in so much pain...
STRANGE. THAT KID YOU JUST BROUGHT IN... SOMEONE WROTE A MESSAGE FOR HIM ON HIS BACK!
OH, REALLY?
I LIKE YOU, IT'S A SHAME I CAN'T HEAR YOU SING ANYMORE

I drew "The Doves Hover in Silence" while I was living in the Liuliqiao neighborhood, around the same time I did "A Flower That Lives Not in Summer". It was also, of all of my creations, the one I was the most embarrassed with. I didn't know anything about music and I had to draw a handsome guitarist. End result: he's playing the bass instead of the guitar. And then, there were the details, like the height of his stomach without a shirt on or the loose threads on his pants...I never want to relive that for anything in the world.

At the time, I was also wearing a t-shirt with loose threads. It was exposing for everyone to see and I was extremely proud. I never would have thought that, many years later, I would become this pale-faced monster that would actually shave his beard.

ONE DAY
CHAPTER 04
HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO YOU BY:
THE RABBIT REICH & ILLUMINATI MANGA

"Rockin' RR-IM Jobs fo' REALZ!"

Scanner:
GGpX

Translator:
GGpX

Script Editors:
nde, prettyprophet

Cleaners:
antifon, Zenquibo, nde, funny_bunny

Typesetters:
Lavie Rhap, funny_bunny

Quality-Check:
prettyprophet

funny_bunny:
Cleaning and redrawing was so easy! All I had to do was sell my soul to the devil. It's ok though. I have lots of souls.

prettyprophet:
OLIVIA IS THE DESIGNATED SONGSTRESS OF THE REICH, FUCK WHAT EVERYONE ELSE SAYS.

Lavie Rhap:
Depending on where you stand, you can make quite a bit through playing a guitar on the streets.

nde:
I'd like to try writing a song one day

antifon:
I...don't have anything to say really I haven't even read the manga, btw.

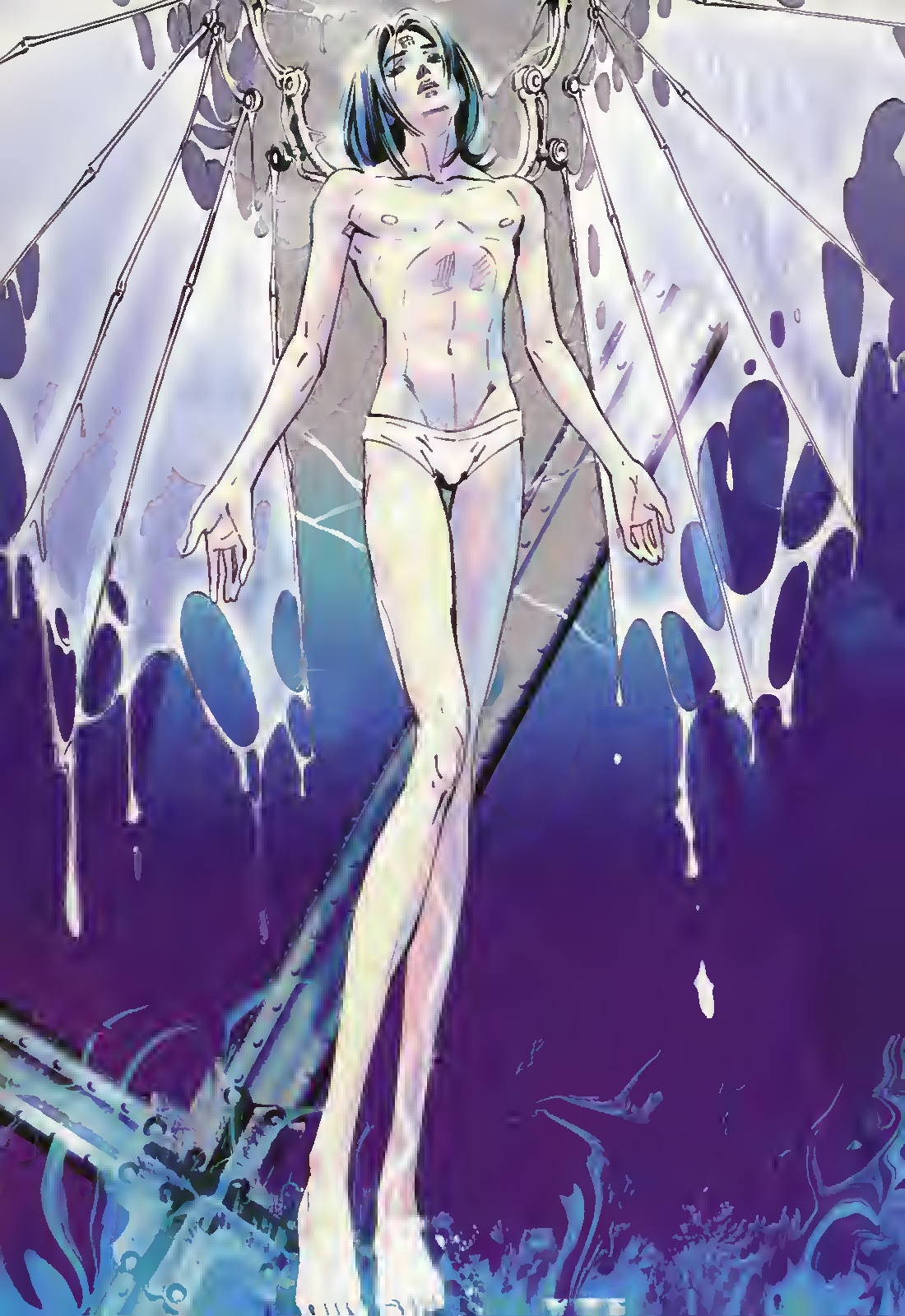
Zenquibo:
I was out having a drink with a friend of mine and his jap girlfriend. Her english is so bad that I couldn't communicate with her. So I had to drink fluids.

GGpX:
[MIA]

ILLUSTRATIONS

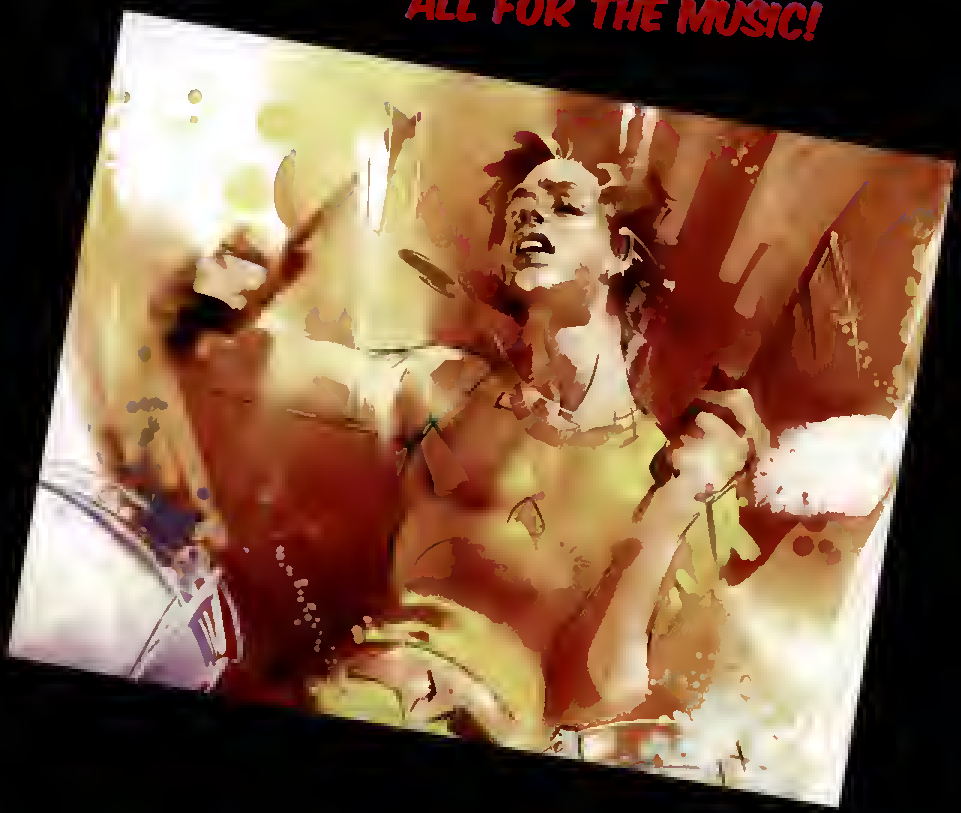
BENJAMIN / 1999 - 2005

BENJAMIN



COMIC BY BENJAMIN
一天

ALL FOR THE MUSIC!



BENJAMIN

BENJAMIN★彭浩翔
二人前
Feeling
北海道
hokkaido

HEART OF MUSIC
RENAISSANCE

ILLUSTRATIONS

COVER
PAGE 87

Title: The Smoker With the Leather Hat (new version)
Date: 2005

I always have trouble finding new cover pages. Pretty girls or playboys aren't to my friends' tastes. One day, I saw a young vagabond on the street wearing a leather police hat. He was carrying a couple dozen plastic bottles. I thought that it looked really cool. That was what gave me the idea for the cover. I finally knew what to do.

This character has appeared many times in my drawings. Aside from him, I've never drawn this type of style for a character.

The characters in "One Day" and "Remember" are youth inspired by reality. This one is a mysterious paladin that, in the crucial moments, knows how to prevent conflicts. I wanted him to exist in my universe of manhua.

PAGE 86

Title: The Smoker With the Leather Hat
Date: 2001

The old cover of "One Day".

Back then, I used to love drawing lips. Before, in "Chinese Youth", the lips were never really good and used to torment me. I decided to draw a mouth with sexy and dampened lips. I wanted to present the type of person I was most afraid of, to give impression of him being haughty, deigning me not worthy to look at. I was very enthusiastic and in under an hour, I had already drawn the essential parts of the character. Later at night, I went out to buy food.

[continued above]

I was telling myself that finally, my level of drawing had surpassed itself, and that one day of labor had been enough. However, when working on the finishing details, I lost all of those sensations I previously had.

PAGE 88

Title: A Street in the Summer After the Rain
Date: 2000

This is a drawing from back when I was in Shanghai. It was a pretty long time ago. In the first "One Day", this drawing didn't have any comment on it, but this time, upon Tree's demands, every drawing is accompanied by a comment.

The evolution of the manhua and animation market has increased recently. You need to have a lot of courage to work in manhua and animation, especially for unedited creations; the risk is huge. You see your colleagues walking backwards instead of forward and reluctantly giving up.

PAGE 89

Title: Chinese Youth
Date: 2001

When I decide to go for a more realistic genre,

[continued on the next page]

[continued from previous page]

I usually feel like drawing boys in a very lively style. Good-looking boys inspired by reality, with beautiful skin, no matter their size; it's a kind of natural thing.

PAGE 90

Title: White Hair
Date: 2000

Right after arriving in Shanghai, I met a Zhong Ling, someone who worked in the manhua and animation industry. He loved Terada Katsuya*; I didn't know much about Terada's work at the time. I adored Sorayama Hajime** but Zhong Ling didn't like him. He said that Sorayama was an "Airbrush Nut". That judgment of my idol irritated me and awakened within me a desire for vengeance. So for the next week, I used all of my free time to draw boys with airbrush and tracing techniques in Photoshop. It's annoying; to do the eyes, you have to first draw the orbit, then you have to trace the eyelids. For the hair, you make a bald head and then you add the traced hair. This design process almost destroyed my computer's system. But in the end, Zhong Ling and I became friends.
Of course, I also became some sort of "Nut".

It's been a long time since we last spoke. That's how you lose friends. When I think about it, I feel that my ideas were too narrow at the time; I was both pathetic and laughable. In the last year, I've lost a lot. I don't know if it's the same for Zhong Ling, but anyways; if he's reading this text, I hope he knows that I wish the best and only the best for the rest of his life.

* Japanese artist born in 1963
** Japanese artist born in 1947

PAGE 91

Title: The Yellow Wall
Date: 1999

This image isn't exactly my usual style. Before this, the boys that I used to draw looked a lot more pitiful, with apathetic looks.

When I saw Zhou Shiyao's* drawings, I really liked them and it made me want to draw a character looking cool and pretentious. As if that didn't describe me, I was in a bad mood when working on this. But, once I was done, I called this drawing a lot of bad things!

*Chinese artist

PAGE 92

Title: The Savior
Date: 1999

I drew this in 1999. It's one of my first color illustrations. I drew an angel, a wounded white-skinned boy. The quality is rather mediocre and I don't really like this drawing. But seven years later, I'm getting ready to write a story for this character, to create the angel that is in my soul. It's said that this guy could help humanity to escape its problems. Does he really have such a gift?

PAGE 93

Title: A Trip for Two to Hokkaido (illustration from the manhua]
Date: 2000

[continued on the next page]

[continued from previous page]

A project that never panned out. After all this time, there are still people that regret that I didn't publish this 150 page manhua. Some told me that they saw something familar, like it had been copied. For me, working on this was shit and I don't think it would have been a good manhua.

Even if it wasn't completed, the value of this manhua to me is with all of those people I did all-nighters with. And, among those weirdos, not all were good people, there were swindlers, businessmen, and artists that obsessed over the work. We formed a small enterprise. Nobody knows what became of them; there are only bizarre rumors, like they had come from a surreal novel.

No doubt about it, we were all in it together. One failed project doomed to oblivion.

PAGE 95

Title: Dark Forest
Date: 2000

This was a publicity poster for a manhua website. The client's goal was to create a site that would introduce the people to manhua artists who were still anonymous. Ordinary people could then be recognized. Many artists need this kind of assistance; I really like this idea.

My old computer started giving up on me. The size of the projected image surpassed the normal capacities. I had to bring my graphic tablet and my discs to the client's company so I could use their computers.

Result. at 10PM, complete lack of inspiration. On top of that, my graphic tablet wasn't working properly. I was completely beaten, huddled up at my computer screen looking at the ceiling, with the client stressing me to death, waiting for my work so he can start putting it on pages.

[continued above]

I owe a big thank you to the marketing manager, Miss Xu Jianying, who brought the guy to a corner and told him, "Give him a break, can't you see that he's stuck?" I managed get through the struggle that way.

PAGE 96

Title: A Window Filled With Light
Date: 2000

When I started this, it was supposed to be a handsome singer. However, no matter how hard I tried, it didn't come out the way I wanted it. One of the great experiences in the life of a creator is when he deals with mysterious things that make him incapable of getting his work done. That, my client couldn't understand. It's one of the enigmas of art. Us painters and artists, we are but the tools that God possesses, we are but poor spokespeople, and we have no idea what we're going to draw.

PAGE 97

Title: Keyboard and Drums
Date: 2000

Two drawings in Shanghai for a Hong Kong-based group. The movements for the expressions seem false, a tad bit exaggerated. However, this type of style pleased them very much.

PAGE 98

Title: Metal
Date: 2005

One day, I went to see a concert. The musicians were tuning up on the stage, the projectors were almost all closed, and the little light that was there created a bizarre effect on the musicians' bodies. I wanted to take a picture of the young singer but there wasn't enough light. His way of singing was unoriginal and he hadn't gotten away from the influence of his peers. It's the same for us manhua artists. when we're young, we imitate everything. In China, we're overflowing with young manhua artist critics because "manhua imitates manga". Let us be kinder to the kids, let the youth have some time!

PAGE 99

Title: Air Conditioner in Summer
Date: 1999

That year, I had bought "Fall's Beauty" by Pin-Fan and Chen Shu-Fen* in Zhongguancun**. Before that purchase, I didn't know of the color illustrations of Mr. Pin-Fan. He's undoubtedly a genius. During that period, my friends and I were all more or less influenced by his style. Particularly me, badly. When I started getting interested in feminine subjects, I paid attention to pretty girls in the street and noted the presence of a great thing that exists in this world: the invisible strap for a bra.

*Taiwanese artists
**Beijing neighborhood

PAGE 100

Title: The River of Sadness
Date: 1999

I did this a very long time ago. It's the work hat got me the most noticed by the people around me. A lot of people who met me for the first time told me, "Wow! You're the one who painted that blue rider!"

I'm not the kind of guy that's a loner or whiny, but all of my drawings have a gloomy side to them. In fact, I am often touched by big things being done in the spirit of renunciation, each time, inevitably...

There was a time in Russia, in the Region of Don, where the Cossack lived. For many generations, they had served in the army of the Tsars as cavaliers and were known for their vigilance. When the call came for war from far away, the young would get together, with their ancestor's sword to their belt, and would cross Don amidst of the tearful cries of their family. Never was there a war fought for the cause of the Cossack. When the train that brought them to their hope country passed by Don, the survivors would bitterly cry and throw their army cavalier hats into the river. A multitude of hats would float along...they were strong, yet curious people. Their story is told in the novel "Quietly Flows the Don" by Mikhail Sholokhov.

PAGE 101

Title: Tears
Date: 2001

That day, the light was radiant.

[continued on the next page]

[continued from previous page]

I suddenly really wanted to paint a young girl wiping her tears under the sun's light.

It's pretty deep, so I hope people can forgive me. I hope my brain will still be able to receive the joys and pains of life, even if it is for just a few hours. Maybe those kinds of sentiments just aren't for me; perhaps I'm just unable to grasp of it.

I have no occupation and I'm not a poet; you can't really say that I'm an artist either. The worst part is that I'm unable to adapt myself with the fight a normal person lives with everyday. I try to avoid those people and their convictions, their simplicity and their shallow happiness.

Often I say to myself. The girls that left me could see ahead; the ones I left ended up happy.

PAGE 102

Title: Sunday
Date: 2005

Recently, I've been trying to adapt more and more a realistic drawing style. I really regret not being able to retake the oil painting classes so that every work could be as elaborate as possible. I really like the background. I would love to draw a background of a drawing board.

At first, this drawing had a road in the background and the girl seemed rather small. But, even with many changes, everybody said that it didn't work and that I had to make the character bigger. I had to delete the street and the people in the background. In any case, it was the news stand next to the girl that was posing a problem and I couldn't find anything to refer to. I was pissed!

PAGE 103

Title: Alice in Wonderland
Date: 2004

In the book, they don't mention at all that Alice is in a leather jacket and holding a violin box. It is only said that she meets a rabbit in a hurry and a bunch of weird people. If we could remember our passages to heaven or hell from our previous lives, we'd come to the conclusion that the current world is bizarre.

I drew Tree, a girl who, like Alice, doesn't grow. She takes care of my albums. Thanks to her talent, she could make my pitiful drawings into something great.

On Earth, there's Tree, there's me, and there's you reading this book. I hope that "One Day" will give you as much as it gave to me and Tree.

*Tree is a part of the manhua company that published "Remember" and "My Way"

PAGE 104

Title: The Intelligence of Frozen Snow
Date: 2004

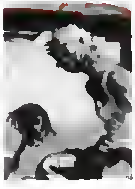
I became ill in the middle of the drawing process. I coughed so much that I thought I was dying. I had the impression that I was a fire-breathing dragon that was smoking from all seven orifices. Ironically, it was in that state that I drew a fresh young girl. I like young girls with a calm look; not one that is unfathomable but a look that shines and is curious.

PAGE 105

Title: I Like Takuya Kimura
Date: 1999

Even up until now, "Long Vacation"* is my favorite work of his. Of course, I really like "Asunaro White Paper". What's different about Takuya Kimura** is that he started his career at the same time as us, but with an innocent looking face. He was then able to grow old without looking his age. For our little gang, he represented an idol of purity. Drawing wonderful stories, stories that could of happened to Takuya Kimura became my goal. I want to draw an imaginary world with Takuya Kimura, Tomoko Yamaguchi**, and Takenouchi Yutaka**; with them, I'd create a great life.

* Japanese TV series
** Main actress of "Long Vacation"
*** Japanese actor, also in "Long Vacation"



PAGE 106

Title: The Beach
Date: 2003

I used to be like the guy with the bronzed shoulders. I also used to be in a gang of thugs.

In the troupe, there was also a wonderful Goddess who was a little older than all of us. When I think of it now, she was only a college student. But, at the time, she infused the group with this mysterious energy.

Time has passed and we all lost sight of each other. My Goddess, I heard that you got married. I wish you only the best.

PAGE 107

Title: A Trip for Two to Hokkaido (cover of the manhua)
Date: 2000

"A Trip for Two to Hokkaido", a project that died prematurely. I had created it for a Shanghai manhua company that went bankrupt; the work was aborted.

I remember it like it was yesterday and I have a sort of nostalgia for those times. I remember every single person whom I worked with on this project. Those teenage days will never come back. I hope that one day that we could all be reunited...but I know drawing together like before will never happen again.

PAGE 108

Title: Heart of Music
Date: 2000

A drawing I made numerous years ago in Shanghai. It's part of the first series I made by computer. At the time, the colors were very basic. Back then, I was a small, very simple kid. I had nothing in my mind; only games and manhua interested me, not to mention new clothing that was in fashion.

ESSAI
PHOTO
BENJAMIN LIFE / 1999 - 2005

CONFESSIONS
2001 ONE DAY

I'm a strange kid, a guy from the province that stayed in many big cities a long time ago. According to the "Management Committee of Public Opinion", I'm "the same as a thug." According to the norm, being a thug fits me the most. It's dumb; I forgot how we said that in my local dialect.

Weird, but it doesn't bother me to say where I came from and where I live At first, I didn't have a permanent job and, up until now, there have been numerous years where I was a vagabond. I forgot what my initial goal was, but once something unknown would present itself and motivate me, I would get myself into it. In many cities, I watched girls pass by, I had friends that became enemies...

In a torrid twilight, I was alone, crumpled up in a street of Shanghai drinking a disgusting beer, and I was thinking about the beginning...her eyes filled with tears, that same year, the brothers I abandoned in a fight. I wasn't that young at the time, but I've always had an incredible fear of the cops.

In Shanghai, it rains almost every day. Light rain, violent rain, sentimental, poisonous, but never soft. A dumbass Shanghai author wrote. "Shanghai's rain is like a woman's period. endless and relentless." They make me think more about a tissue or a young girl looking about with sincere love, always poised, crying. I don't know why I draw manhua, but I do know that what I like the most definitely isn't manhua What have I won from this grueling life? What am I aspiring to? When I'm at the point of attaining what I'm researching, I notice that fundamentally, I don't care. It's what I've lost that I love the most. Life experiences that I was impatient to get rid of have become lost happiness. It's always the same: the desire, the quest, weariness, abandonment, loss, memory; everything comes back eternally It seems that what we lose is more precious than what we own

Manhua are but life's imperfections.

It seems that in the year 2000 I did a lot of things, but in truth, I did almost nothing. In the year 2000 I once again said goodbye to publicity. It seems that in the year 2000 people started to appreciate my manhua. "Benjamin has almost finally made it." I was finally considered a "Manhua Artist".

In the year 2000, I lost what I loved; I lost the person that accompanied me in my moments of suffering and discouragement, the hands that would pat my tormented head. It's not because of manhua, it's not because of her either. The reason might be because I never let people feel my pride, maybe also because of him, who shines so brightly...

A habit is stitched into me: when I'm on the point of achieving something new, by conditioned reflex I get ready to announce it to her, wondering how much she'd be sharing my joy. And, all of a sudden, I realize that it's over. In the cold and deep night, her soft arms embrace someone else, in fear that I'd shamefully come break his joy. What's the point of fighting when I don't have her smile...? Victory? Am I someone who wants to be victorious? All of those moments, lying on the bed, letting out all of those cruelties, all kind of mean things; She laughs, she cries...so touching! Ah! It's all my fault.

In the dark night, I can't stop trembling. When my mother died, I thought time could go backwards and that Mom could suddenly come through the front door, that door which is so familiar, to make a nice surprise return from her voyage...time doesn't go backwards, my phone will never ring, and never again will I have to get her a birthday present.

The world doesn't have a master. Me and my manhua, we're alone, only the two of us: she'll never come back. In fact, my manhua, I was drawing them for her...

In the Sunday light, a cat and a dog are playing together. The world isn't as nice as it seems from your window. The two friends advanced under the hot rays of the sun, in the mud of the swamp...they're finally at the place where the flora bloomed. The dog then notices all of a sudden that he's lost the cat! The corner of the prairie with all of the flowers and pure air becomes a valley of tears...under the scintillating sun, the dog, sitting alone in the middle of the flora, is still waiting for the return of the small cat...

Before, when I wasn't known and starting out manhua, I had a girlfriend. For me, it was a very happy period. But my everyday life was filled with tears and suffering; I was thinking of only manhua and I was very discouraged. I wasn't taking the time to see what my girlfriend was doing for me. I ruined my happiness!

My paradise will undoubtedly never return. Before the ice, I extend my arms, feeling the air. I trudge sadly towards old age; my heart has lost its flame.

2000

BREAKAWAY

YEAR 2000 MANHUA, PRIDE, BUMS, AND SPORTS CARS

My much younger brother came to see me. After giving me news of the family, he added in a very low voice: "There are a lot of bums at the train station..."

Once you talk about bums, everyone gets heated up because of most of them are nothing but a bunch of trouble-makers who have nothing else to do. It annoys me, because it's prejudice! However, according to Sherlock-like deductions, if someone dislikes something, it's because he's involved in it. That's my case. I had an idea for a short manhua project telling the story of a boy who is waiting for love, a little lost, not knowing what to do, and ending up as a bum for a while. This experience changes his vision of love... but this story, in the end, resulted in no drawings because, honestly, it's too close to my life and I feared that it would hurt me. Hey hey, talk about an excuse. Also, a bum isn't aesthetically pleasant. I wasn't going to take the Koji Nanjo* route of being a bum, it would have given people the impression of a street show for profit.

But the poor are always in our lives.

One night, when coming home, I saw an old man sitting on the sidewalk, trying to savor the last little bit of milk in a carton that he had just picked up. I screamed at him to stop. Am I a good person because I can't stand people with these lifestyles? But the old man was really exasperating. Even Satan would have opened his wallet! So I took out fifty Yuans (roughly $7 USD), waiting to hear his thanks. Against all odds, the old man started with a dazed look, then gave me a mean, unfriendly stare that had hatred written all over it, and he left. I was left there with my fifty Yuans, not knowing whether I should laugh or cry. It was only fifty Yuans, but it was like he took all of my pride with him; there was none left.

Another time, with my younger brother, we were going under the Dongbian highway, a sinister and deserted area. It was the first day of the Chinese New Year, it was terribly cold. An elderly woman was enjoying the sun, sitting on the guardrail. She didn't have any shoes. Her fingers were frozen, to the point of falling off, marked with blood on them. It was really awful. I tried to go my own way, but after 5 metres, I just couldn't. I took out of my pocket a 100 Yuan bill. My brother took the money and ran towards her. Then I saw them fighting with each other! Surprised, I ran to help my brother, wondering what kind of trouble we had gotten ourselves into.

"She said that she doesn't want any of it!" said my brother, who was out of breath.

"We're celebrating the New Year, it's not for the youth to give money to the old!" said the elderly woman, who was also out of breath.

I was looking at her yellow-tinted face, like it was wax. Would she still live another month with this glacial winter? She really needed a pair of shoes, some medicine and a little bit of money... For her, it was a New Year's gift; for me, it was charity. Maybe she herself knew that it was charity, but was making herself believe that it was for the New Year and it would change everything. I forcefully gave it to her. We said that we were like two friends were fighting in a restaurant over who would pay the tip. At that time, nobody lost any pride. Maybe none of us have any pride and we act like we have some.

It's depressing, this light pride is sometimes being heavy to the point of being a burden. But what is it, in reality?

*Character in the 1989 manga "Zetsuai" by Osaki Minami about male homosexuality
Koji Nanjo quit college to have a career as a singer

One day, I was walking around with a very well-dressed girl in the commercial streets of Tianjin. Next to the river, I saw an old man devouring bread that someone had thrown away after having one bite. He was hurrying to eat that bread like it was going disappear the next second.

The girl looked at me and said, "That old man is very pathetic!"

I looked at her attentively, and she was really believed her words. Deep down inside, I thought to myself that you just can't say things like that. Most of the people force themselves to ignore that kind of scene not to get sad, like me for example.

"You think he's pitiful?" I asked. She looked at me in an interrogative manner.

"In fact, he's very happy. You see, his two bags are filled with things he picked up this afternoon. I'm sure that there are plenty of things that please him, just like the new, stylish clothes and other merchandise we bought. He has the same kind of joy. Maybe he picked up a radio that works almost perfectly, and if he finds two batteries, he could have the pleasure of listening to Beijing's opera and other things. I'm sure that he's already trying to savor it."

"Also, did you notice where he sat down? It's the cleanest part. His bags and the place he installed himself form his universe. It's fresh, it's clean! He's surely congratulating himself for his great find, submerged in mundane happiness!"

She looked at me bizarrely, like a cat that doesn't understand humanity. "I was just saying; no need to get all worked up!"

Okay okay, that's true, it's not worth it.

Honestly; I wasn't making fun of him and I wasn't being sarcastic. I was just trying to explain to her the reality. "That old man isn't pathetic. If he is, then both of us are as well. I almost went to sit down over there too. Maybe the bread I was going to eat wouldn't have been as clean as the old man's."

But if it is like that, why am I getting riled up?

Because in reality, the old man and I are happy. We both enjoy our work and we both eat bread that we believe is clean.

Postscript: In conclusion, my girlfriend told me that she just met a 19 year old guy on the web that already had a sports car.

His bread must be nickel-chrome.

The protagonists of my manhua, both men and women, they always flirt inside sport cars. . even if there are manhua characters that eat bread sitting next to the river, the heroes must always have a sports car. . the idiots.

Blah blah, there was text here but GGpX said it wasn't anything of importance. Is anything Ben saying of importance? To me, he just rambles and rambles. But hey, I'm surrounded by ramblers all the time, so I'm used to it. Artists yo, they're a fucked up bunch. Yeah, I know there's stuff from here on that's not translated/skipped over. Point #1: wasn't translated. Point #2: I don't want to edit that shit. Sure, funny or whoever can spend days editing it...but you know what? No. Point #3: this shit's coming stateside anyways. Well, at least "Remember" and "Orange" are. I think. Whatever, go buy it regardless.

So this was our (The Rabbits) first real completed scanlation. And it was joint (with Illuminati). But hey, Benjamin. Now you've got a taste for his sexiness, I can only hope you'll support his fine ass in the future. See, I don't think we're going to be doing anymore of his work. Maybe something newer, if he's got anything, but "Remember" and "Orange"? Anything LICENSED? Fuck you. Maybe if they completely butcher the piss out of it. But I doubt it. Big Ben's known now; at least I hope he's known. That's why we did "One Day".

So I guess the big question is: who's next? Who knows? Hopefully a dissident.

~prettyprophet the PR Rabbit

POSTFACE AN 200

Le mét o fonce sur les rails. aillard · · · · · · · · un album de BD d'il y a l · · an , es-tu · · · · · · · · · légendaire Benj·min. I vo tait réécrir· · · · fac · e s · · · · · · album, mais, à la relecture, se dit · · cet · ee · · · · · · · peut-être pas une bonn· idée, qu · l'est mieux · es ge · ne · vo · · pas le crétin d'il y trois an .

I forgot what I wanted to do at the beginning of it all...
It's been a few years that I've been a vagabond.

ONE DA

One Day
Chapter 05-06
has been brought to you by:
The Rabbit Reich & Illuminati Manga

"Rockin' RR-IM Jobs fo' REALZ!"

Scanner:
GGpX

Translator:
GGpX

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funny_bunny,
prettyprophet, nde,
Kawaii Pattycakes

Typesetters:
funny_bunny,
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Quality-Check:
Lavie Rhap

GGpX:
Montreal rocks.
Kelowna rocks.
Raakels sucks.
[Funny adds: PERSONA]

Kawaii Pattycakes:
BAKAS can't get sick!
But I'm getting sick!?
I must POSITIVE
THINKING!!
JOND
PERSONANANANAANANANA!

nde:
I have a cold
and I think I'm making
everyone else sick.
And Persona.
Orpheus.

prettyprophet:
Oh god I'm tired.
This winter break's short too.
I think I'm running low on cash.
I have a headache.
I guess I have to
free my mind...
AMATERASU.

funny_bunny:
VALKYRIA
CHRONICLESSSSSSSSS!!!!!
GO GO MECHAFETUS!
PERSONNNAAAAAAAA!!
MARAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
.....or Pixie.
I love you Pixie!

Lavie Rhap:
I was making snowmen
with the neighbourhood kids and
people thought I was their mother.
Ah, my youth, where have you gone?
Persona? Artemis?